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A LEAF FROM THE LIFE OF AGNES HERBERT.

BY JEANNIE.

CHAPTER II.

But the vision may change ere the morrow,
And tempest, tornado and cloud,
Obscure the bright light of the picture,
And the face of fair nature enshroud.
So life, with its hopes and bright visions,
May flow like a murmuring stream,
As smoothly, and fleetly, and brightly,
As the phase of a golden dream.
But the chill of Distrust may creep over,
The heart late so trusting and gay,
And the blight of misfortune and sorrow,
May change its bright dream in a day.

It was a somber, dreary looking February day; the dull grey clouds, obscured the heavens, and hung over the earth like a pall. There was no rain, but the dark, leaden mass, lowered and thickened, and grew heavier and drearier, as if freighted with some great grief, that would yet burst forth, and wreak itself in piteous tears upon us.

It was just a day to feed gloom and melancholy, and in my long lonely drive home, strange presentiments of evil began to gather over me, and dark forebodings, and undefined fears of something, I scarce knew what, chased each other through my mind.

It was with a feeling of unutterable relief that I found myself at the termination of my journey, though it failed to dissipate in the least degree, the gloomy feelings that had now taken entire possession of me.

Mrs. Moulton met me kindly and cordially, but with a look of commiseration upon her face, that completely puzzled and bewildered me. I enquired after Mr. Atherton and was briefly told that he had returned, that he was well and as usual at his old quarters. It was late, and weary with my long dismal ride, I sought no explanation of my dread forebodings, but I remember that I closed my eyes with a dull, stupifying sense of some dread mystery, that was fast entangling me in its labyrinthine meshes, brooding over my devoted head.

Morning dawned, and I awoke to a sense of *change*. The sun was shining brightly. The clouds had vented themselves in copious showers during the night and disappeared from the face of nature. Montville was there as when I left it, save that the tokens Autumn had scattered here and there, had given place to the budding freshness of spring.

I had gone out from there two months ago, a joyous expectant bride. I had returned to find preparations making for a magnificent bridal—*Howard Atherton's bridal—but alas not mine.* Another was draining the chalice of bliss, that had been so temptingly held out to my lips. The pale child like Emilia Moulton, was the betrothed bride of him who but a few short months before, had vowed to cherish me—me only through life.

I have but a vague idea of how the knowledge of all this came to me. I have a dim remembrance of being closeted that morning with Mrs. Moulton, and somehow made to comprehend, that Howard Atherton's apparent preference for me had been all a *mistake*. That he had loved Emilia from the first, but that believing his regard distasteful to her, had refrained from all manifestations of it, but discerning my regard for him, had generously resolved to sacrifice his own feelings for my happiness.

After I left, however, accident had revealed to him, that Emilia was not indifferent to him, and after a struggle with his feelings and sense of honor, he had at length decided upon the present course as the right one.

That at first, Mrs. Moulton out of sympathy for me, had resolutely withheld her consent, but at last, seeing how much the happiness of both were involved, she reluctantly yielded, believing that I would far sooner relinquish all claim than become the willing bride of one whose affections were centered in another. That Howard had entrusted to her the task of breaking to me the change in his intentions.

I recollected a vague sense of the inconsistency of the statement, with all my past experience, floating through my mind, but the blow had descended with such overwhelming weight upon me, that I had no power to reason or analize. I could only *feel* that the ball had fallen! that the change had come! that the bright golden dream had fled! and like a shattered wreck I was left drifting at the mercy of the waves that had made me their sport.

For the next two weeks, at the expiration of which the nuptials were to be celebrated, I went about in a kind of stupor, engaging in the preparations, that were filling the house with confusion, as wholly, as though my brain had not been scathed, and my heart's altar desecrated, by the very beings whose happiness I was laboring to complete.

The days, freighted with their weight of misery, rolled slowly onward, until they were all numbered; but in all that time Howard Atherton had not crossed my pathway.

It would have been agony to have met him now. And yet could I have heard from his lips that he had ceased to love me, that the path of happiness opened for him through another avenue and absolution sought from his promise to me, it would have softened, I thought the bitterness of the blow.

The preparations were all complete, the party arrayed in their bridal robes and all was joy and hilarity in the dwelling. But I could not go to look at them. I heard the carriage roll away that conveyed them to the church. I did not go to witness the ceremony but all the while I lay upon my couch with my hand pressed tightly on my bosom, counting the moments by the dull sickening throbbing of my heart.

When the clatter of wheels without, and the din and hum below, announced the return of the party and the arrival of the guests, I arose and arranging my dress, went down stairs. As I walked up the broad hall, the blaze of light that flooded the rooms almost dazzled me. Festoons of rich flowers hung pendant from the ceiling shedding their fragrance all around, the statues were draped with garlands, and on a side table, conspicuously displayed, were an array of silver service, diamonds, pearls, splendidly bound books and a rarity of other costly and beautiful articles, the bridal gifts, lavished upon Howard Atherton's young wife.

I passed up the hall, and entered the door at the right. At the opposite end of the room, the newly married pair were standing to receive their guests, who one by one, or in little groups, passed up to offer their congratulations.

It was a scene that suited the bridegroom's powers well; and very imposing he looked, his tall form drawn to its hight, and a proud smile upon his lips as he gracefully returned the salutations of his guests.

And the young bride too, looked very pretty, in her fleecy robe, with the orange blossoms twined among her soft brown hair, and the pearls glistening upon her brow and arms. But as her husband gazed down into her pale passionless face, I looked in vain, to discern any trace of the deep melting tenderness in his glance, with which he had been wont to meet my upturned gaze. Calmly, gently, he looked down upon her, but there was no passion, no shadow of emotion in his face.

Among the guests, shone Winifred Leeroy in all her queenly beauty; when her eyes chanced to rest upon me there was a look of such coldness and disopprobation in them, that again a vague feeling crossed my mind, of the strangeness of all that had occurred

At last the salutations were over. I was standing by the doorway where I had first entered, when Atherton's eye fell upon me, and Mrs. Moulton who was near them, motioned me to approach. Slowly I wended my way through the crowd until I stood before them. Mechanically I kissed the cheek of the bride, and then I turned towards Atherton, and for a moment I raised my eyes to his. His face was pale and very grave, and there was a look of stern reproach in his glance as it rested upon me, that I could not comprehend.

A strange sensation seized me, the lights burned with a blueish glare, my sight grew dim, the guests mingled together in motley confusion, I opened my lips, but whether any words escaped them I could not tell. I was only concious of Mrs. Moultons drawing my arm within hers and leading me from the room, out into the open air, and telling me with a tone of commiseration, that the excitement seemed to have overcome me, and that when the cool air had revived me a little, I had better go to my room.

I obeyed her, for I had no wish to return again to the company. The feeble wish I had entertained to behold Howard Atherton once, as the husband of another, had been gratified, and I was ready now to return to my solitude, and muse upon the strange vicissitude that had befallen me. I threw myself upon my couch but slumber come not near me, and when at last the hush in the rooms below, told that the guests had departed, I stole out to the arbor that had been the scene of our betrothal. But just as I was entering a deep drawn sigh from within warned me that it was occupied. Retreating amid the shrubbery, I stood wondering what other spirit in those domains, had like myself been lured hither at such an hour, by restlessness, or sorrow, when the tall form of Howard Atherton, emerged from the arched entrance and strode towards the house.

Amazement held me spell-bound. His absence from his bride at such an hour, his presence there, where he had breathed to me his vows of love, that deep-drawn sigh—what could it mean? My position grew more inexplicable than ever. I turned away and sought my room, and seating myself by the window, watched with the stars until the grey dawn streaked the east.

Early that morning the couple departed on their bridal tour. The house was deserted of guests, a painful stillness succeeded to the excitement and bustle that had reigned since my return. A strange lassitude seized me, I took to my bed, and for weeks was unconscious of every thing around me. A slow nervous fever raged in my veins, I raved continually of Mrs. Moulton, of Atherton, and Emilia.

I recollect some of the phantasies that haunted me, during that long season of delirium. I seemed to be wandering in a dry an barren desert, whose parched surface scorched me as I walked. The sun shone with a yellow sickening light, and from the few shrivelled shrubs that were scattered over the hideous waste, hung scared leaves, and half-blown withered blossoms in the very heart of summer time. Around me serpents hissed and noisome insects sported, while the air seemed thick with missles that some unseen hand was mercilessly hurling at my defenceless head.

But when at last conciousness returned, and the fever left me it was with the weakness and imbecility of childhood. Toys and childish trifles amused me, and when sufficiently recovered to be carried into the garden, I would set there for hours, toying with flowers, and listening with pleased attention to nursery tales, told me by the kind and faithful nurse, a shrewd mulatto, who had watched over me, Mrs. Moulton having accompanied the bridal party.

But with returning strength, reason gradually resumed its throne. But the past was all a dream to me—a wild fitful dream, from which it was joy to awaken. I seemed to have commenced a new life, a calm, still peaceful life, without either hope or passion.

Soon after my convalescence, I received a visit one day from Winifred Leroy. Having heard of my illness and that I had no friend near me but domestics, she had come over to see if my wants were all attended to. She was shortly to be married, and perhaps the anticipation of coming happiness threw an additional charm to her loveliness, for she seemed more radiantly beautiful than ever.

In alluding to her future, for the first time since my recovery, a chord of feeling was stirred within me, and I wept. Miss Leroy looked at me in silence for some moments, and then said, "It is very strange to me, Miss Herbert, that you should so have trifled with the happiness of one who idolized you, as well as with your own, as it now seems you have done."

"*I* trifled with the happiness of any one," I exclaimed in surprise. "What do you mean Miss Leroy? I do not comprehend you."

"Did you not authorize Mrs. Moulton," she exclaimed in surprise, "to request Howard Atherton to release you from your engagement, saying you had grown weary of it, and that you had already transferred your affections to one more suited to your years and taste."

"Never," I exclaimed, "I was only awakened from the brightest dream that ever beamed upon mortal, by the intelligence of the approaching marriage of the being that I worshipped, with another."

Miss Leroy mused a few moments and then said, "Then, indeed, have you and Howard Atherton been grossly wronged?"

And then I learned from her and from the nurse, upon whose truth I knew I could rely, and who was acquainted with much that had transpired, how I had been maligned. I was represented to Mr. Atherton as a changeful, wayward being, and the course of conduct attributed to me by Mrs. Moulton as a fair ensample of my character.

And when he had been wrought to the highest pitch of pique and chagrin, the little Emilia was constituted his consoler. And then it was gradually, with that delicacy and tact of which Mrs. Moulton was so capable, made apparent to his perceptions, that she was pining with a hopeless attachment for him.

Actuated by sympathy and pity, and partly by a spirit of retaliation for my supposed heartlessness, he had immediately proposed to her, or more properly her aunt, who had planned and executed the whole, Emilia herself being innocent of much share, even interest in the matter.

Mrs. Moulton had purposely allowed me to extend my visit, until her plans were so far advanced, as to preclude all danger of interruption; the utmost care having been preserved after my return, to prevent a meeting between myself and Atherton. All was explained to me now that had hitherto seemed inexplicable. His apparent, designed avoidance, his look of reproach, his presence and apparent unhappiness that night, in the arbor, and Miss Leroy's coldness, were all explained to me by this recital.

This intelligence had well nigh thrown me back again upon my couch of lingering weakness. The thought, that the happiness that had been held out to me, might still have existed, were it not for the machinations of a fiend in the form of a friend was more harrowing, and overpowering than the belief in Atherton's coldness and desertion.

The "chill of distrust" had now indeed fallen with its full weight upon my heart. I learned to doubt every thing that wore the appearance of friendliness. The free, gushing fountains of my soul were henceforth sealed up; faith, trust, that had hitherto nestled like a dove in my heart, had been readily thrust out, never to return. The charm of life had departed. I wearied of nature now, for it was among her scenes that I had drank in the rich measure of bliss that had been so rudely dashed from my lips, and a sight of her beauties was painful to me now.

Montville in particular had become loathesome to me. My Eden was a pure and sinless one no longer. The serpent had uncoiled itself to my view, and stamped its hideous impress upon every thing; and I longed to depart. The bridal party were shortly expected to return, and I felt that it would have been the refinement of agony, to have met Howard Atherton now, with the conciousness of *what might have been*, before me, and the sight of Mrs. Moulton I felt would be unendurable. I accordingly collected my effects and bade a final adieu to a spot where I had loved, and enjoyed, and suffered so much.

Long years have passed since then, and amid other scenes and duties the poignancy of grief has passed away, and a portion of my old spirit returned to me again, though purified and chastened I trust by the furnice of bitterness, through which my feet have trod.

I have never met Howard Atherton since, but I know that he is a changed man. The silver has long since displaced the jet upon his brow, and he wears a restless dissatisfied air, like that of one who had deemed himself strong, but had been overreached, where he had thought himself invulnerable.

And upon the brow of the youthful Emilia too, dark lines are traced, that care or age would hardly have stamped there; and often, I ween, the form of a now well grown youth, who was the companion of all her childish sports, comes up before her in painful contrast to that of her sire-like husband, whose lofty intellect, and great soul yearnings, she can neither comprehend or satisfy.

A little brood of nurslings have sprung up around them, and among the number, they tell me there is one that bears my own simple cognomen, and that it is the father's favorite in the flock.

Mrs. Moulton is now reaping the reward of her malignant deeds. From the time of Emilia's marriage her popularity rapidly decreased. Her husband, whose time was mostly spent in large cities, engaging in unfortunate speculations, became bankrupt. In poverty and retirement, deserted by those who had delighted to share her hospitality in her days of prosperity, and neglected by her kindred, the evil points of her nature burst forth beyond control, and her name is now a byword, of detestation to all who know her.

Montville has passed into the hands of strangers, and the fairy-like domains over which she so gracefully presided, like Canaan to the sinning Israelites, she now gazes upon with envious eye, while her feet are not permitted to enter.

Between her and Howard Atherton, a bitter estrangement has long existed, owing to his discovery of certain species of duplicity, on her part, practised in his household arrangements. But whether the part she had acted, in the drama of his matrimonial connection I never knew.

Winifred Leroy is happily married, and I often hear of her, as one of the brightest stars, in the galaxy that frequent the metropolis of our country. Though high-born wealthy and beautiful, and flattered, and caressed as a belle, yet was she good as she was beautiful, and passed uncalled thro' the ordeal, in which so many are tried and found wanting.

As for myself, this brief episode has become to me more a memory than aught else now. Though occasionally some shaft from the restive outer world, pierces the sealed fountain of feeling, and the great grief-waves surge over my soul again, almost engulphing me beneath their dark foam-crested billows.

But for the most part, I have learned to look calmly upon every event of life, gathering patience and strength from my conflict with sorrow for future ills, believing that a kind Providence overruleth all things, "for the good of those that love Him."

I had taken to my heart an idol of clay, and in my wild worship, I had forgotten the claims of my Creator.

To restore my allegiance, my idol was torn away. Justice and mercy were mingled in the dispensation. Love "tempered the winds," and taught me submission to His will "who doeth all things well."

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

LONESOME.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Night's shadows creep around me
While I'm sitting lone and weary,
A gloomy spell has bound me—
And life is coldly dreary;
In my heart there is no gladness
But scorpion—stinging sorrow!
This life, to-day, is sadness,
'Twill be sadder still, to-morrow.

I'm weary, oh how weary
My lips cannot be telling,
Thoughts gloomy, gloomy only
Through my troubled soul are welling!
Dark is my young life's ocean,
And its waves are harshly rolling—
And its wild and mad commotion
Baffles human hands' controlling!

I cannot stay my sighing
And the tears they will be falling,
For an inward voice is crying—
A moaning voice is calling;
Shall I to its breathings listen
And let my eyes be weeping?
Or, force back the tears which glisten
And a hopeful heart be keeping?

This sadness is not olden,
'Tis but a few years, only,
Since Love's sunshine bright and golden
Left this heart so sad and lonely;
And the darkness deeper seemeth
That the day so lately vanished,
And the semblance far-off gleameth,
Where the star of Hope was banished.

But I will not be despairing,
Though my fate in night is shrouded,
For my God is not uncaring,
Though my future may be clouded;
Though life's road looks dark and gloomy
And destitute of roses,
The buds may yet be bloomy,
Where the sunny light reposes.

So I will not be distrusting,
Or, give up to sorrow blindly,
Though for sympathy I'm thinking
And for gentle voices kindly;
And 'twill be a consolation
To know that I have striven—
'Mid earth's dearth and desolation—
To gain the love of Heaven!

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

"Time will heal all wounds; others will fill my place; you will forget me."

Forget thee! thee, whose every thought
And wish were all my own;
Who fill'd each painful vacancy,
Whose love-light o'er me shone;
Thee! who, in every place or time,
Of all, on earth, I've met,
Art first, in memory's holy shine,
And I thy face forget!

Forget thee! 'tis a thought insane,
O! cherish it no more;
A phantom of thy weary brain,
That I, 'til life is o'er,
Could, even for a single day,
Forget thy brow of light,
As soon, may Venus' soothing ray,
Forget her hour at night.

Forget thee! when the moon forgets,
At summer's eve, to shine,
Forget thee! when the stars emit,
No ray of light divine,
Forget thee! when the orb of day,
Shall cease to rise and set,
Then, loved one, then, but not 'til then,
Can I thy face forget.

M. D. WILLIAMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

SPIRIT LOVE.

BY R. M. KIRBY.

The moon was young, the summer's night,
We stood beneath that tree,
The moon's pale light made all things bright,
And her, twice dear to me;
For then that night, that dewy night,
When all around was bathed in light,
She gave her hand to me:
When all around was silvery bright,
She gave her heart to me.

Not a word was said but she pillowed her head,
Upon my bosom hearing,
And her eyes a brighter luster shed,
Trusting and believing:
A flame came down from Heaven above,
And kindled a flame of deathless love
For the dark-haired maid beside me;
A deathless love came down from above
For the bright-eyed maid beside me.

A spirit she was of Heaven's own making,
(Who stood beneath that tree)
And is it strange a spirit came, taking
That maid away from me?
A cloud, how dark! ah! few can tell,
Came between me and the form I held,
And she passed and I could not see:
But her eyes this night shed a brighter light
Than the moon that shines on me.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

LINES TO CHAUNCEY.

BY AMYCUS.

Absent one, believe me,
My heart is *ever* thine;
My thoughts are always with thee,
Oh! can'st thou e'er be mine.

To-night my heart is sad,
It often heares a sigh;
Nothing can make it glad;
Save a glance-love, from thine eye.

Pale Lunar sheds her light,
O'er tree, and shrub, and flower;
The little stars, to-night,
Possess a magic power.

They seem each one to say,
"Mortal, why art thou sad,
Look up through yonder way,
'Twill make thy young heart glad."

I look; but all is dark,
No ray of hope I see—
Faith is weak, my little bark
Sails roughly o'er life's sea,

Toss'd by the ruthless wave,
It struggles to be free:
But none hath power to save;
Put thee, sweet one, but *thee.*

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

AUTUMN.

BY E. S. MILLS.

Another summer has departed, and autumn comes laden with her rich bounty. The beautiful trees, whose foliage a few weeks ago, were of the brightest green, are changing to purple and brown. Alas! how soon they will be stripped, and the winter wind howl through their leafless branches. How short the summer appears to be. It seems as though spring, with her budding trees and springing flowers, were just gone. The seasons are fit emblems of us. In spring a person thinks of doing something in the fall; the fall comes in her gorgeous beauty, but where is he? Why does he not do that which was in his heart? His life is fast ebbing out, and before another spring is here, he will perhaps be consigned to his last resting place. Where now are thy vain boasts? they too pass away like thee. The bitter winds of winter will chant thy funeral dirge over faded hopes. Before another spring comes, thy name will be no more thought of. Then "boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth." Yet we feel confident of doing things on the morrow. But that morrow may never dawn on us healthful and joyous as we now are. The morrow may perchance find us on the bed of death. Then ought we not to say, in speaking, "if God pleases?" but how oft is that forgot.

In autumn, how pure and bracing the air is; the sick person feels that new life has entered his body, and he will recover. But when winter comes with its piercing cold he passes away like the fading flowers, too soon they drop and die. Spring reminds us of the resurrection of the soul, to see the budding trees and springing flowers, in all their beauty. It is a fit emblem, when the ransomed souls shall meet at God's right hand, in that abode of joy and immortality. May we be prepared, that when we are called, we may obey the summons with joy.

Reflections on Visiting the Grave of my Mother.

With one foot upon the base stone in which stood erect the marble, and my elbow resting upon that marble, I was lost in many solemn reflections. Here lies the being who gave me birth. Mine eyes seemed to penetrate the depth of the tomb and rest upon the visage of one whose name was the dearest name on earth—Mother. But alas, decay (the handmaid of death) hath in its march left its footprints; those eyes in which the tear oft quivered as the dew drops upon the tremulous leaf in anxious watchings o'er my infant slumbers has not escaped its tread; and those lips which oft gave utterance of a Mother's tenderness are its victimes too; that bosom which many sighs hath heaved, and cares disturbed its quietude, now motionless and still; the hand which led me quietly to some secret place, and those knees that bowed humbly to supplicate for me, all, mingling with the dust. I now lifted my thoughts from the gloomy depths and cast them o'er my life from my earliest remembrances. How oft was I undutiful! how oft did my ungratefulness and disobedience send o'er her cheek the falling tear or rend with grief her heart; O, could I retrace those steps again, and hear the sweet tones of admonition fall from my mother's lips, or feel the clasp of her hand on mine, as she would lead me to the garden, or some secret place to pray!—How would those gushing tears, that ardent prayer affect me now! Kind reader hast thou a mother living, or sleeps she beneath the cold earth? If the latter, visit oft her grave and seek that sublime solitude that lingers there; cherish the emotion of thy heart, when the last look, the last words of thy dying mother are refreshened in thy memory; bedew the green turf upon that hillock with thy tears, as a token of thy grief, that thou wast ever ungrateful, or failed to honor thy mother in the days of thy youth. But to my reflections. As I turned me about to take leave of this sacred retreat, I cast the lingering look upon that hillock, as it raised above the common level. Will it always mark the spot where mother lies? Nay verily! the gloomy vault shall be despoiled of its victim. "Death shall be banished—his sceptre be gone," and those haggard features and that decayed form shall come forth clothed in immortal youth and vigor, to die no more.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

"I herewith send you an Arithmetical question and shall probably send you more if desired."

(Thank you, sir; and shall be pleased to receive many questions for the entertainment, and to test the ingenuity of the Times' readers. Who will send us the solutions; or what is equally as profitable, who will solve the questions for their own mental improvement?—Ed. Times.)

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION:—It is required to enclose a tract of land, in the form of a square which shall contain as many acres as there are rods in its circumference: How many acres will it contain? Solution next week. MARCUS.

"I AM RUINED."

BY AN INVALID ITINERANT.

"I am ruined!" These were the dying words of a poor unfortunate man, who was killed in this circuit a few months ago. He had gone off in the morning, as he had done an hundred times before, to a gathering of people, where there was liquor; and having become partially intoxicated, he was soon ready for a row. He continued at this place until about dark, when he got into a difficulty with some men, who were also intoxicated, and, in a moment, he was stabbed to the heart; and as the warm current gushed from the fountain of his life, he had barely time to utter the solemn words, "*I am ruined.*"

Thoughtless young man, stop and reflect upon these words before you make further progress in sin! You are treading the same ferful road that leads to ruin. Truly has the wise man said, "there is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death." The adversary has made you believe there is no harm in many things you do, and that they can but do you good, but he hides from you the dreadful terminus of the flowery road of sin. That young man who feels that he must, for recreation and amusement, indulge in games, such as cards, billiards, ten pins, etc.—is unwilling to believe that they are but the prelude to the fearful scenes of riot and death in a gambling hell. O, young man, stop and reflect! Regard the earnest counsel of that anxious mother, and doting father, who have always contributed to your comfort and happiness, and who, even now, though you have often disobeyed them, would sacrifice everything for your comfort. Listen to these words, and not to the charmer, who would cause you, by his subtlety, to travel a road to ruin, so cautiously and slowly, that you might be brought to the end, ere you are aware of it—and but have time, like poor R——, to say, as you are hurled over the awful precipice—"I am ruined!"

MATRIMONY.—In the selection of a husband, a young lady should look for truth propriety and decorum, rather than for station, wealth or good looks. Courtship allows her all the opportunities necessary for this study of a man's character; so, however delightful that probationary period may be to the imagination and susceptibilities, it is filled with serious responsibility. There is an interest attaching to it that should impart thoughtfulness, benignity and refinement to the whole being of man and woman. As the threshhold of a new life it should be guarded against all sinister influences—all insidious tendencies, all weakness, and all liability to fall into temptation. Courtship can not be too pure, or its course too strictly watched. It is the sweet communion and interblending of two souls, previous to their sacred marriage and unity in this life and the life beyond. Its very trivialities ought to be fenced round with respect; and no indecorous jesting, no slanders, no weak levity, no dark suspicions, no want of faith should be allowed to cast their grim shadows on its dath—all should be bright, hopeful and pure as the flush on the virginal cheek after the rosy lips have received the first kiss of kind and respectful love. Marriage, too, should be emblematic of the union of mind and heart to heart. It is well to build matrimonial happiness on physical sympathy—better still of heart extending to heart: but the mental adaptation and a similarity of views, relative to the great principles of action, and of the relations to society, should also be taken into consideration, for the bodily attractions must fade, and the ardor of affection may cool, or be diverted inot another channel, therefore, the mind's purposes must be elevated and stable, and its energies will be found to diminish but slowly with increasing years. A marriage founded upon this mutual understanding has little chance of being wretched; both parties ever finding the self-same mental beauty they once admired, and constantly deriving from each other the benefit of mutual interchange of thought, sympathy, and endeavors.

"PLEASE, SIR."—"Sir, do you want to know how I was converted, I, an old, grey-headed sinner?" said a good old man to his minister. "Tell me," answered the minister. "I was walking along one day, met a little boy. The little boy stopped at my side. 'Please;' he said, 'will you take a tract? and please, sir, will you read it?' Tracts, I always hated tracts and such things, but that 'Please, sir,' overcame me. I could not swear at that kind-spoken 'Please, sir,' no, no. I took the tract, and I thanked the litte boy, and I said I'd read it; and I did read it, and the reading of it saved my soul. I saw I was a sinner, and I saw that Jesus Christ could save me from my sins.—That 'Please, sir,' was the entering wedge to my old hickory heart."

STAND OFF.—The very latest novelty in dress in Paris is crinoline sleeves.

THE TIMES.

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

ADVERTISING.

One square (12 lines) first insertion $1.00. Each additional week 25cts. The following ample deductions will be made in favor of standing Advertisements:

	3 MONTHS.	6 MONTHS.	1 YEAR.
One square,	$ 3.00	$ 5.00	$ 8.00
Two squares,	6.00	10.00	14.00
Three "	9.00	15.00	20.00
Half column,	18.00	25.00	35.00

Professional and business Cards, not exceeding six lines—per annum, ... $5.00

Great gift Enterprises!!

The Editor of Life Illustrated, in the following article speaks the truth in every word. They are our views exactly, founded on experience. And we would say look sharp when brilliant schemes, and rare chances to make money are presented. Our table is crowded every week with flaming advertisements for these swindling operatives, but they receive at our hands only enough attention to detect their character, and are then committed to the flames. Our paper is large, but we have no room at any price for such advertisements. The following is the article from *Life Illustrated*—

Country readers can not have forgotten the flaming advertisements which appeared in the newspapers a year or two ago, in which immense promises were made by certain professional swindlers, who, after pocketing the dollars sent them, quietly "stepped out," changed their locations, taking on new names, and beginning again. They sold "chances" in a game said to comprise farms, houses, gold watches, piano-fortes, gold pencils, sleeve-buttons, and numerous other trinkets, with a subscription to some bogus newspaper, started to advertise their traps. "The bait," looked at from a distance by credulous creatures, was tempting, and they, poor dupes, sent in their dollars, and got in return some tickets with high numbers, and a lot of pamphlets describing a seven-mile mirror, hair washes, dyes, pills warranted to physic, and other cheap property.

The result of all this wonderful enterprise, benevolence, and liberality was simply a grand public swindle, and a good many dollars in the pockets of the swindlers.

A new phase of this gambling scheme has recently been given to the public by dealers in obscene publications. They offer with each book sold a "gift" worth from twenty-five cents to a hundred dollars, and their lists of gifts comprise the same rigmarole of gold watches, gold pencil-cases, sleeve-buttons, etc.

Under cover of "exposing Mormon life at home," these gift peddlers sell obscene books, with bawdy pictures, and thus escape the penitentiary. We regard this whole business of gift swindling on a par with mock auctions, gambling, lotteries, pocket book dropping, ticket-swindling, and the rest of the rascally robberies.

When anybody offers to give you *something* for *nothing*, look out for him.

We consider it a duty we owe to the public, and especially to the readers of Life Illustrated, to warn them against the swarms of swindlers who infest society. When you see a lottery-man or a gift enterprise-man, mark him as a cheat, and let him alone severely.

To Young Men.—That will never do, young man! No use to stand on the side-walk whining about hard luck, and saying that everything goes against you. You are not of half the consequence that your talk would lead us to believe. The world hasn't declared war against you—no such thing. You are like a mere speck upon the earth's surface. Were you this moment to go down in the living tide, but a bubble would linger for a moment upon the surface, and even that would vanish unnoticed. The heart is full of hope and ambition, but is not missed when it ceases to beat. One such as you would not leave a ripple. You are a coward!—a coward in the battle. There's no fight in you. You have surrendered without a struggle, and now whine because beaten. You are not worthy of triumph, for you have not yet earned it. In garret, hut and dripping cellar, are ten thousand heroes who would put you to shame. They must toil or starve. The strife is a desperate one with them, for they wrestle with want, while ragged and despairing ones watch at the lone hearth the fearful contest. Strong men look death in the eye, when their sinews are strung with hungry childhood.

Shame on you! In the full vigor of health and manhood—no mouth but your own to fill—no back but your own to cover—and yet crouching under the first scorching of adverse fortune! You know nothing of the storm, for you have seen but the summer. One cloud has frightened you, and you think you are hardly dealt by. You will be lucky if you find no darker shadows across your path. Stand up, young sir! Pull your hands from your pocket. Throw off your coat and take fortune by the throat! You may be thrown again, but hang on! Put off the nonsense that the world is all against you. It is not so. Your destiny is in your own strong arm. Wield it like a man. With an unbending will, and honor and truth for guide, the day is your own. No capital, eh? You have capital. God has given you perfect health. That is an immense capital to start on. You have youth and strength—all invaluable. Add a will to do; your sinews in motion and you win! A man full of health and strength should never despair, because fortune does not pour a stream of gold in eagles into his pocket. If you have no money, work and get it. Industry, economy and integrity will do wonders. From such beginnings fortunes have been reared. They can again! Will you try it! Or will you wait for the stream to run by, so that you can walk dry-shod into the El Dorado of wealth? Or will you meet the waves defiantly, and be the architect of your own fortune?

Try. It is glorious to conquer in the strife.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

SUMMER LIFE AT NAG'S HEAD.

BY G.

It is a time-honored custom of those who can afford it, to retire from the routine of life and business at home, during the summer months, and spend their time in enjoying the luxuries of watering place society and recreation. This custom, tho' very prevalent, has many bitter enemies. A class of old-fashioned people, now existing, look upon the society that attend Summer Resorts, as being light, trivial and trashy; the young ladies and gentlemen, as being heartless coquets and fops who have no higher aspirations than to wound the affections, and rend asunder the heart-strings of some honest and unsuspecting greenhorn. We would not assert that watering places are free from heartless women and deceitful men, but in the main, those who attend such places, are of the elite and elegance of society—people who understand how to enjoy life. The old-time fogy, with his mass of hoarded wealth, has worked himself up to believe that, if a young gentleman of virtue, morality and wealth visits a summer retreat, why he is necessarily broken and plunged into dissipation, and of course must go to the devil. We sometimes meet with these misguided people, who honestly believe that, to spend a summer at a watering place is an enormous sin. These antediluvians are entirely mistaken. They should recollect that this is an age of progress, and as man becomes more enlightened, he naturally looks for higher enjoyments. And what serious objection is there to social beings—intelligent people—enjoying themselves by the ocean side? Is there any sin in simply looking on the deep blue sea? Is there any special sin against dancing?* Is there anything morally wrong in taking a game of "ten pins?" Is it any crime to lave one's self in the ocean—to breathe the delicious, balmy air, as it comes fresh from the bosom of the "vasty deep?" Are not all these things conducive to health? These are advantages to be enjoyed, coupled with too many others to here enumerate. Retired, shut in between the waters of the Atlantic and the Albemarle, one can enjoy life, undisturbed by most of the diseases incident to our Southern climate. The invalid can find a balm for his shattered energies and diseased constitution, in bathing and riding by the sea-side, while the sportsman can enjoy to his heart's content the pleasure of drawing in the "finny tribes," and shooting the curlew and other birds that are ever to be seen on the water's edge. There is an amusement for ladies and gentlemen of almost every temperament, and too, what is by no means least, in the estimation of many, there is to be had fish, fresh from the water and many other internal enjoyments, at least, all the "market affords." Taking all things into consideration, summer life at Nag's Head is as delightful and healthy as any resort in the South. The writer knows from experience of its delights and healthfulness. Having been suffering from bilious fever for some time, I left home as early as practicable for Nag's Head, and in three days I felt entirely recovered, and accompanying that, I had an appetite that was hard to satiate. I ate, at times, so prodigiously, that a very modest and unassuming friend of mine, suggested the propriety of my cating "not quite so much."

This friend is a noble specimen of a man; being a talented and learned member of the "craft medical," I always acted upon his suggestions. I have seen people visit Nag's Head, thin, sallow, sickly and with no appetite, and in a few days, the healthy tinge would return to their sunken cheeks, their appetite would come home to them again, and they would go on their way, rejoicing, thanking their stars that there is on this continent of ours, such a place as Nag's Head.

One of the most delicious pleasures, to be enjoyed at this most favorite ocean retreat, is that of riding or walking (as one would prefer) by the sea-side, at sunset. Those who have enjoyed this rare luxury, are well prepared to appreciate the truthfulness of the assertion. But a few feet from the ocean banks, the sand-hills arise in silent, majestic sublimity, and upon the top of what is called "Engagement Hill," one may stand far elevated above the cares of every-day life, and, looking away to the east, at morning, see the king of light, like a blazing torch, arise from his watery couch, and, following him, at evening, see his blazing majesty sink grandly, sublimely and beautifully behind the voluptuous swells of the Albemarle! What a grand sight! A beautiful and cloudless sunset! From the summit of this famous hill, I have often gazed upon the sun sinking to rest, and it never fails to inspire me with feelings peculiarly pleasant.

Perhaps you would like to know something of the history of this hill. Tradition says it has always been a favorite resort of lovers. Feeling anxious to know from some one of the more intelligent natives of Nag's Head, something concerning the early history of that peninsula, I repaired to the residence of quite an old lady, and from her, I gathered much information and many marvellous stories, which I may give the public at some subsequent time. But of "Engagement Hill," she was perhaps told by her great grand mother, that soon after the settlement of Roanoke Island, a young gentleman and lady crossed over the sound to stroll upon the ocean-side. It was a quiet evening in early autumn—fit time for lovers. Leaving the ocean they traveled to the top of this hill, and seating themselves, what had long been pent up in their bosoms burst forth—they looked love, they spoke love—they were afterwards married upon the hill, and soon she died, and by her own request, she was buried upon this same hill. Soon her sighing husband followed, and he, too, was consigned to the silent sands by the side of his wife, and there they will repose undisturbed by the chilling blast of winter or the roar of the ocean. I visited the spot supposed to be their graves, but there was no sign to be seen. No marble monument stands to tell the stranger who sleeps beneath—he passes on, never dreaming that beneath the silent sand there are sleeping the remains of two fond hearts that in life were united and in death not divided. Ever since this has been called "Engagement Hill."

* A correspondent of the Times of September 17th, discussed this question at length and decided in the *affirmative*. Certainly there are enough amusements pronounced innocent by *all*, for the conscientious to refrain from the doubtful. "G." mentions some further on. —*Ed. Times.*

THE SEPOY MUTINY.

Interesting letter from Dr. Alex. Duff.

Horrible Atrocities of the Mutineers.—We find in a number of the Edinburgh Witness, received by the last steamer from Europe, a very interesting letter from the Rev. Alexander Duff, who visited this country a few years ago, and who is now at Calcutta. The epistle narrates some atrocities, which are already known to the public, while it contains statements we do not remember to have seen before in print. We make room for the following extracts:

July 10.—Throughout all ages the Asiatic has been noted for his duplicity, cunning, hypocrisy, treachery; and coupled with this—and, indeed, as necessary for excelling in this accomplishment of Jesuitism—his capacity of secrecy and concealment. But in vain will the annals even of Asia be ransacked for examples of artful, refined consummate duplicity, surpassing those which have been exhibited throughout the recent mutinies. In almost every instance the Sepoys succeeded concealing their long concocted and deep-laid murderous designs from the most vigilant officers to the very last; yea, and in not only concealing them, but in making them under the most flaming professions of loyality. The case of the 6th Native Infantry at Allahabad is thus recorded as the result of authentic information, by one of our Calcutta journals:

"It appears that after the officers of the regiment first left the lines, a subadar paid a visit to Lieut. Slaines, the interpreter, and expostulated with him, in the name of the regiment, upon the want of confidence which they had displayed. "Come to us," he said, "we are faithful, we love our good masters, we will protect you, but it gives us pain to see you suspect us." Slaines, and his wife, who was present at the interview, were melted even to tears at the simple eloquence of the man whom they had insulted, as well as his fellows, by their unworthy suspicions. There was but one course left to take—to return to the bosom of the regiment to throw themselves upon the hearts of the men—and this course they resolved to adopt, persuading the other officers of the regiments and their families to follow their example.

"When they returned to the regiment, the scene which awaited them touched the hearts of all present. The men whom they had suspected, in a moment of narrow-minded apprehension, were found drawn up to receive their officers, and welcomed them with three hearty English cheers. The native officers, unable to control their feelings, which swelled high, and sent their warm Asiatic blood coursing in their veins, in defiance of all cold rules of decorum and hollow military observances—gave vent to the natural and simple emotions of their brave hearts. They flung themselves round the necks of their European officers who had so generously atoned for their cruel suspicions, and kissed them on both cheeks. The reconciliation was complete, confidence was happily restored, and that same night the native officers and men rose and proceeded to the work of massacre."

This is the regiment which some time before had professed so much zeal and loyalty, that they enthusiastically plead to be allowed to proceed to Delhi to punish the mutineers, of whose treacherous and cruel conduct they spoke with vehement detestation. In order still further to prove their loyalty, they again and again delivered up spies, who had come to spread sedition amongst them. So completely was the veracity of their professions confided in, Lord Canning sent them a special letter of thanks, which was publicly read to them on parade on a certain evening, at six o'clock; and the reading of which elicited three hearty cheers for the company. On that very evening, at 9 o'clock, a gentleman on the ramparts of the fort, observing a rocket go up, said to the magistrate near him, "What's that?" "Oh," said the latter, "it is only a marriage." But, lo! another rocket followed. It was the signal agreed on by the "staunch and loyal 6th;" when the mess house was attacked, and seventeen out of the twenty unarmed, confiding officers assembled there were instantaneously butcher'd in cold blood—their shrieks being heard at a considerable distance. The colonel of the regiment, who, up to the last, laughed at the idea of precautionary measures being necessary, and who would not believe that his men would mutiny until the balls flew through his hat and sleeves, contrived to escape to the fort with his life.

Then commenced the work of plunder and devastation—the destruction of property throughout the town and its vicinity, being most complete—the bungalows in the cantonments, and all the British residences, being soon in a blaze—the new railway station, with its buildings, and machinery, and carriages—the extensive American mission-press premises and schools, all laid waste—the public treasury, bank and storehouses pillaged; in short, within a few days the whole city of Allahabad, containing one hundred and twenty thousand inhabitants, was not only sacked and ravaged, but literarly reduced to one vast mass of ruins and ashes!

July 15.—The cases of Jhansi, the capital of a petty State in Bundelcung, to the west of Allahabad, is one of the most deplorable. The Sepoys having mutined, some of the officers effected their escape, and others were killed. But the major part of the Europeans, to the number of fifty-five, inclusive of the ladies and children, got possession of the fort and for several days kept good their position—the ladies assisting the gentlemen in cooking for them, sending them refreshments, casting bullets, &c. Though beginning to be much straightened for want of provisions, they still held out, until at last the mutineers, assisted with guns and elephants by the Rani or Queen, succeeded in effecting an entrance at once to the gates. Then did the proverbial faithlessness of Asiatics receive a fresh illustration. The gentlemen, some of whom were famous marksmen, one of them having killed no less than twenty-five of the rebels with his own hand, were solemnly promised, that if they laid down their arms and gave themselves up quietly, the lives of all would be spared. Unfortunately for themselves, their wives and little ones, they were induced to listen to these promises, and come out. No sooner had they done so than they were tied in a long line between some trees, and their heads struck off. Such ladies as had children were doomed to see them cut in halves before their turn came. Then followed scenes of dishonor and torture too hideous to narrate—these murderous savages, like the tigers which inhabit their jungle, seemingly delighting to play with their victims before despatching them.

In other cases, where father and mother have been killed, and little children have made an effort to run away, they have been caught and thrown into the flames of the burning houses. Such cruelties, outraging as they do every law of humanity, are earning for the perpetrators universal execration.

In another well-authenticated case the European servant of a mess was seized and slowly cut up into small pieces, and portions of his flesh forced down the throats of his children, before they were themselves cruelly destroyed. Even the native servants of the same mess were "marked by the brutal mutineers, by having their hands, and ears, and noses cut off."

Elsewhere the Sepoys took up living children by the legs, with their heads hanging downwards, and tore them up in two. In one instance, four children of one family were thus barbarously torn up before the eyes of their farther and mother, who themselves were soon afterwards shockingly abused and butchered. Indeed, I know nothing in history comparable to these atrocities, except those perpetrated by the "bloody Piedmontese" on the Waldensian witnesses.

Early next month commences the grand annual Mohammedan festival of the Mohurrim, during which, even in ordinary times, the followers of the False Prophet often exhibit outbursts of uncontrollable fanaticism. This year, as you may suppose, the season of Musselman excitement is looked forward to with unwonted anxiety all over India. Already at Patna, one of the largest cities on the Ganges, where the Mohammedans abound, discovery has been made of a plot to massacre all the Europeans in that quarter, on one of their great festal days in August. Documents were seized which amply proved that money for this end had been plentifully supplied by one of the wealthiest Mohammedan bankers in India; and in these it was urged that the rising should be simultaneous on the same day all over the land. This timely discovery may truly be regarded as pre-eminently providential; since, by putting all our authorities doubly on the alert, the vigor of their precautions may, under God, prove the means of averting the calamity.

Canal across the Isthmus of Panama.

Washington, Oct. 5.—Commodore Paulding reports to the Navy Department that he has made a reconnoisance of the Isthmus of Panama, and finds it well adapted for an inter-oceanic canal. The highest point of land to be overcome is only 285 feet. It is estimated that the cost of a canal 200 feet wide and 30 feet deep, including harbor improvements at both ends, would only be $80,000,000.

Justice is Slow, but Sure.—The case of James Copeland, which has been pending for some ten years, was tried a few days since, at Augusta, Mississippi, and resulted in his conviction of murder in the first degree. Copeland was charged with killing one James A. Harvey, and has been found guilty twice before by the juries of the country, yet, by resorting to the technicalities of the law, he has been enabled to gain trial after trial to the present time. On the verdict being rendered the Judge pronounced upon him the sentence of death, ordering him to be executed on Friday the 30th ult.—*Daily Light.*

From Europe.

Our latest intelligence is by the Nicaragua, in Halifax, Oct. 7, with Liverpool dates to the 26th ult.

England.—The fourth of October was appointed to be observed as a day of humiliation and prayer on account of the India troubles.

France.—The Patrie says that the only object of the interview of the Emperors of France, Russia and Austria, is the promotion of amity between France and Russia.

Inundations in the south of France have caused immense damage and loss of life. The vintage has been most abundant.

Spain.—The conference for the settlement, by mediation, of the Mexican question, will be held in London.

Russia.—A fire at St. Petersburg had burnt 170 vessels. The Czar approved a project for the abolition of serfdom. A proclamation will be issued on his return, inviting the owners to arrange for the liberation of their serfs.

India.—There is nothing later from India, but the arrival of the government dispatches was momentarily expected. Numerous fugitives from the muntinous districts of India had arrived at Southampton. They give frightful accounts of the condition of Calcutta and the upper provinces of India.

A detachment of French troops from China had arrived at Calcutta to protect French interests at Chandernagore.

China.—Advices from China say that the American corvette Levant, in order to average the pillaging of an American ship by a gang of pirates, had burned a village on the Island of Formosa, where the pirates resided.

It was rumored that Lord Elgin would soon be appointed Governor-General of India.

Russia is fortifying the Straits of Yenikale.

Georgia Election.—The returns indicate two American members of Congress elect, viz: Tipple over Bailey, and John Hill over Linton Stephens, Dem., brother of A. H. Stephens. The other M. C.'s elect are Democrats.

The Democratic candidate for Governor is elected by a large majority.

Abolition Ticket.—The abolitionists of New York have nominated a full State ticket, headed by Jas. McCune Smith, a colored man, for Secretary of State. Lewis Tappan, a white man, is put up for Comptroller.

Don't Do It.—When you feel tempted to go into anything on credit, don't do it. When you think you want some new thing that you can do without, and are tempted to borrow the money to get it, don't do it.—When you feel like spending anything that may as well be unspent, don't do it. Keep within your means, and you can defy all creation. Take every cent you can collect, and pay your debts with it,—even if your coat has to be rusty. Place not your faith in princes, financiers or accommodations.—*Wil. Jour.*

Flour and Grain.—To Spain, which grows some of the finest wheat in the world there has been shipped latterly from Memphis 60,000 barrels of flour. The grain crop of Georgia, Tennessee, and the two Carolinas will yield enormously this year.

Drowned.—We regret to learn that C. H. Thompson, a boy about thirteen years of age, son of Mr. L. H. Thompson, fell overboard this morning from a boat at Market dock, and was drowned. The body has been recovered. It was purely accidental, but we have not heard the particulars. *Wil. Journal.*

Magnificent Tribute:—Captain McGowan, of the steamship Empire City, was presented by the passengers of the vessel a splendid gold chronometer watch and highly wrought chain, as a token of esteem for his indefatigable conduct during the late hurricane encountered off Cape Hatteras.

Appropriate Compliment:—President Buchanan has forwarded a fine gold watch and chain (valued at $350) to Capt. Johnson of the Norwegian Bark, "Ellen," as a recognition of his noble conduct in the rescue of the Central American passengers. It was forwarded through the hands of Collector Sawyer at Norfolk. The compliment is well deserved and well bestowed.

Rail Road Dividend.—The Directors of the Raleigh & Gaston Rail Road Company, at their last meeting, declared a dividend of 6 per cent on the profits of the Company for the last twelve months. This is a most gratifying indication of the prosperity of the Company, for it has lately made and met large outlays upon construction, particularly on the portion of the road between Gaston & Weldon. The Company are getting rich enough to *caput-mortuize* the corps editorial again.—*Ral Register.*

Damages for Seduction.—At the session of the Washington County (Va.) Circuit Court, in Abingdon, last week, the case af Miss Miller vs. Price for seduction was tried. The Jury assessed the damage at $4,000.—*Madison News.*

☞ A violent shock of earthquake was felt at St. Louis, Mo., and at Springfield, Ill., on Thursday last. At the latter place, the shock was severe enough to throw down several chimneys.

Arrested:—W. W. Sherison, of Charleston, S. C., was arrested in Wilmington the 7th inst., on a charge of forgery.

A Beautiful Thought.—After the Caldwell Institute, at Hillsboro, in this State, had ceased to exist, the resident members of one of the literary societies attached to the Institute, (the Union,) sold the furniture, &c., of their hall, and met to consult as to the proper manner of disposing of the fund. As there were members of the Society in all parts of the U. States, it was concluded that no appropriation of the fund could be so entirely satisfactory to all as a stone in the Washington monument, with the name of the Society and its locality engraved upon it. The money was accordingly sent to the Hon. James C. Dobbin, then Secretary of the Navy, and he was requested to hand it to the proper officer to be applied as designated. The friend who sends us for publication Mr. Dobbin's reply to the Committee, says—and we agree with him—"that so beautiful a thought, coming as it does from as noble-hearted a patriot as ever breathed, should be preserved." Mr. Dobbin's reply is as follows. It is in the form of a note on the back of Mr. Whittlesey's letter, and was evidently somewhat hurriedly penned amid the pressure of official business.—*Standard.*

Messrs. W. H. Bailey, J. Turner and others—*Gentlemen.*—I forward to you the letter of Mr. Whittlesey in regard to your patriotic contribution to the Washington monument. The money will be paid to him this morning.

These modest contributions will gradually elevate that noble shaft of marble. My feelings are that it should never be completed, but that generation after generation should be privileged to add evidences of *their* appreciation of the lofty patriotism of "The Father of his Country." The monument then will continue to rise until the character of our people shall begin to fall.

Very respectfully, J. C. DOBBIN.

Nov. 9th, 1853.

A VIRGINIAN IN NEW YORK.

Some time since Mr. M., of Virginia, a gentleman of rare intellectual endowments as well as of superior physical strength, was in this city. Passing up Broadway one afternoon, he stepped into an auction room and bid off one or two articles, when he was asked to walk into a back office. In a few minutes a bill was presented to him for eighty dollars. Mr. M. examined the suddenly increased bill, and then, in a manner decidedly cool, arose and said, "Ah, yes, I thought when I came in this was a regular and respectable auction house, but I was mistaken, and I find it is one of the regular 'mock auction' swindling concerns." "This," said one of the attendants, "is a respectable auction house and," turning the key in the door, "we will let you know, sir, that we are no swindlers, and that you must pay this bill."

"Now," said Mr. M., "you are fixing things right, and I understand matters, and we will see who will open that door first." At this he drew his arm back, and before the "mock auctioneer" could "take a note of time," he found himself heaped up on the floor, and his companion in rascality knocked into the outer room through the door, to the no small astonishment of outsiders. Mr. M. deliberately left the room, and heard no more of the bill of eighty dollars, as the swindlers found they had locked up the wrong customer. Mr. M. often amuses his friends giving them an account of his first attendance upon an auction sale in New York.—*N. Y. paper.*

Amount of State Taxes for 1857.—We are indebted to the faithful and efficient State Comptroller, Gen. C. H. Brogden, for a statement by Counties of the State taxes for 1857, which we will publish in full in our next. The aggregate amount for 1857 from all sources, the tax on bank shares excepted, is $190,168 24, being an increase over 1856 of $109,730-85. The bank tax is $34,988 75, making the total revenue of 1857, $524,157 60.—*Ral. Standard.*

Teachers' Association.—Conversing with a very intelligent teacher of our Common Schools, we learned from him that it was the desire of many of the teachers of the county to form an association for the benefit of those engaged in the instruction of the youth of our county.

We highly commend and appreciate such a movement, believing it beneficial not only to teachers themselves, but to parents and children. For by an exchange of experience greater perfection can be attained in the art of imparting instruction. And this is of more importance to a child than any other qualification of its preceptor. We hope then an association of the kind alluded to will be formed at an early day, and anything we can do for the advancement of the commendable objects it has in view shall be done most cheerfully; and we doubt not that the citizens of the county will do all they can to promote the immediate organization of the association. —*Newbern Express.*

Emigration.—We do not remember ever to have known a time when the tide of emigration Westward was so strong and general from this section, as it seems to be this fall. Almost every day waggons are passing through our village, and sometimes companies of six and eight together, all bound to Kansas, or some other locality in the far West.—*Western Sentinel.*

ROWLAND & BROTHERS,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
NORFOLK, VIRGINIA,

Are prepared to receive and dispose of, advantageously, any quantity of flour from Orange, Alamance, Guilford and neighboring counties. Many years experience with every facility and ability enables us to guarantee satisfaction and promptness in all sales. We have sold for, and refer to among others:—Hon. T. Ruffin, John Newlin, P. A. Holt, W. R. Albright; Alamance; J. H. Haughton, A. H. Lindley, Chatham; P. C. Cameron, John F. Lyon, W. J. Bingham, Orange; John Long, Randolph; E. G. Reade, G. & H. Williams, Person. &c.y

COMMERCIAL.

GREENSBORO MARKET, Oct. 14.
Reported expressly for the Times.
By Gilmer & Hendrix, Merchants, West Market.

Bacon 16½@18; Beef 4@5; Beeswax 20; Butter 20@; Coffee 16½, Candles, Tallow 22@25, Adamantine 37@40, Sperm 55@60; Corn 1.10@0.00 Meal 1.25@0.00; Chickens 10@15; Eggs 10; Feathers 40@45; Flour 6.00@7.00; Flaxseed 1.00; Hides, green 5, dried 10; Hay 40@50; Lard 16½@18; Molasses 75@; Nails 6@7; Oats 50; Peas, yellow 1.30@, white 130@00; Pork 7.50@8.00; Rags 0@3; Rice 8@00; Salt 2.25@2.50; Sugar, Brown 15@16, loaf 18½, crushed 18½, clarified 16½; Tallow 12½@15; Wheat 1.00@1.10; Wool 25@30.

WILMINGTON MARKET, Oct. 9.
Reported expressly for the Times.

Bacon, hoground 17 @, western sides 16@17, western shoulders 14@15, hams 15@16; Brandy peach 70@75, apple 50@60; Butter 28@30; Beeswax 26@27; Cheese 12@13; Candles, adamantine 28@30, sperm 50@60; Corn 90@1.00; Cotton 13@14½; Coffee, rio 11½a12, laguna 12@13; Feathers 45@50; Flour, superfine 5.50@6.00 extra 7.75, fine 6.50, family 8.00, scratched 6.50@6.75; Guano, 1 ton $65, 5 tons $60; Hay (N. C.) 1.00@0.; Lime 125@135; Molasses, Cuba 35@40; Mackerel, no2. 10.00@0.00, 3no. 6.50@6.75; Nails 5@; Oats 65@00; Rosin, no. 1, 5.75@0.00, no. 2, 1.25@1.30, common 1.15@1.00; Rice 4@5; Shad 00@00; Salt, alum 98@00, sack 1.00@1.00; Sugar, clarified 11@12, P. R. 9@10; Spirits Turpentine 41-00; Turpentine, virgin and yellow dip, 3.75a0.00, hard 1 55a0.00; Tar 1.62a0.00; Wheat, red 1.00@0.00, white 1.15@000

NORFOLK MARKET, Oct. 10.
Reported expressly for the Times.
By Rowland & Bros., Commission Merchants.

Bacon, hams 16@20, hoground 16@17, western sides 17a17½; shoulders 15a16; Beans 1.50@1.75; Buckwheat, bag 1.65@; Butter, goshen 20@25, glade 28@26; Beeswax 20@25; Cotton 12@13; Corn, white 75@78, mixed 95@.98 yellow 95@.98; Coffee, rio 12@13½, laguira 14a14½; Candles, adamantine 26@28; Dried Apples, ₱ bus. 28 lb, 1.75@0.00, Peaches, peeled ₱ bus. 40 lb, 5.00@0.00; Eggs 20@25; Flour, fine 6.25@0.00, superfine 6.50@6.75, extra 7.00@7.25, family 7.25@7.75; Flaxseed 1.50@1.60; Guano, ₱ ton 75.00@60 00; Hay 1.00@1.25; Lard, no. 1 & 2, 17@18; Lime 1.20@1.30; Molasses 55@65; Oats 40@43; Salt, fine ₱ sack, 1.60@1.70, ground alum 1.60@1.70, blown 160@1.70; Sugar, refined 12½@13, crushed 14½@00, W. India 12@120; Shingles, heart 12 in bunch, 6.00@7.25, sap do do 4 00@5.00; Staves, R. O. hhd. 38.00@39.00, H. O. hhd. 47.00@00.00, do heading 50.00@00.00; Soap, brown 4½@5, yellow 4½@6; Wheat, red 1.10@1.15, white 1.15@1.25; Whisky 26a28; Fish, no 3, Mackerel, 8.00a0.00, Northern Herrings 6.00a0.00, Mullets and Blue Fish, 9.50a8.00, dry Cod and Hake, 3.75a4.50.

From Havana, Oct. 4th.—Sugar has declined. Holders will lose heavily.

New York, Oct. 9.—Cotton is quiet, and nothing doing. Flour is firm and has advanced, sales of 8,500 bbls., common to good State at 4.50a4.70, Ohio at 5.10a5.50, and Southern at 5.40a5.75. Wheat has declined, sales at 8,500 bushels, white at 1.25a135, red at 1.18a1.22. Corn lower, sales of 22,000 bushels mixed at 66 down to 67c. Pork heavy, with sales of Mess at 23.00a23.50. Beef declined 50 to 1.00, sales of repacked Chicago at 13.00a14.50. Lard steady, sales at 14a15c. Whiskey advanced ½c., sales of Ohio at 22a23c. Sugar declined ½c. Spirits Turpentine is steady at 40a42c. Rosin steady and unchanged. Rice heavy, sales at 3¾a4¼c. Freights inactive.

Charleston, Oct. 9.—Cotton—Sales for the week 2,800 bales, Middling fair at 13½c. Rice 3c. for good. Wheat 1.05a1.10 for red. Sterling and Francs unchanged.

Mobile, Oct. 9.—The sales of cotton for the week comprise 3,000 and the receipts 8,000 bales. The stock on hand is 20,000 bales. Middling is nominally quoted at 12¼c. ₱ lb.

New Orleans, Oct. 9.—The sales of cotton today were 1,000 bales. The market is too unsettled to give quotations, but the largest sale of Middling was for 12c. ₱ lb. The sales of the week were 12,700 bales, and the receipts 40,000 bales. The decrease in receipts at this port amounts to 57,000 bales, and at all the ports 88,500 bales. There is nothing doing in exchange or freights.

Business Cards.

N. C. FINEMAN,
WITH
ABBOTT, JOHNS & CO.,
IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS OF
STAPLE AND FANCY SILK GOODS,
No. 153 Market Street, Philadelphia.
1856. 2-1y

A. PERRY SPERRY,
(Formerly of Greensborough, N. C.)
WITH
BELL, BROOKS, PACE & CO.,
IMPORTERS & DEALERS IN
STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS,
No. 89 Chambers, and 71 Reade Street,
1856.] NEW YORK. [2-1y

JOHN W. PAYNE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HAVING permanently located in Greensboro, N.C., will attend the Courts of Randolph, Davidson, and Guilford, and promptly attend to the collection of all claims placed in his hands.
Jan. 8, 1857. 531y

K. M. MURCHISON. A. J. HOWELL.
MURCHISON & HOWELL,
(Formerly of North Carolina)
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
104 *Wall Street.*
NEW YORK.
☞ Personal attention given to all business entrusted to their care. (57—1y.)

T. C. & B. G. WORTH,
COMMISSION & FORWARDING
MERCHANTS.
Wilmington, N. C. 1:1y.

J. N. WOOD,
AUCTION, COMMISSION & FORWARDING
MERCHANT,
Goldsborough, N. C.,
WILL attend to the sale of Flour and other Produce. 14tf

STERLING LANIER. SAMPSON LANIER

LAMAR HOUSE,
(FORMERLY COLEMAN HOUSE,)
KNOXVILLE, TENN.,
S. & S. LANIER, *Proprietors.*
MR. STERLIN LANIER, late of the Lanier House, Macon, Ga., and Sampson Lanier, late of Tuskegee, Ala., will be happy to meet all friends and customers at the Lamar House, where they have ample accommodation for 250 persons. 54:1y

G. H. KELLEY & BROTHER,
Dealers in Family Groceries and provisions, No. 11 North Water St., Wilmington, N. C. Will keep constantly on hand, Sugars, Coffee, Molasses, Chees, Flour, Butter, Lard, Soaps, Crackers, Starch, Oils, Snuffs, &c., &c.
References.—O. G. Parsley, President of Commercial Bank, John McRae, President of Bank of Wilmington, of Wilmington; A. M. Gorman, Rev. B. T. Heflin, of Raleigh; J. & F. Garrett, David McKnight, of Greensborough. 8:1y

LAST NOTICE.
ALL BONDS AND ACCOUNTS due Rankin & McLean, and not satisfactorily arranged by the 15 day of October next, will be placed in the proper officers hands for collection. Let all who are interested attend without delay, to this notice and save cost and trouble. JED. H. LINDSAY, Trustee.
8:3t. *For Rankin & McLean*

THE TIMES

Is published every Thursday in Greensboro, N. C

EDITORS.
E. W. OGBURN, C. C. COLE, JAMES W. ALBRIGHT.

Corresponding Editors.
Ron. G. STAPLES, Portsmouth, Va.
WILLIAM R. HUNTER, South Carolina.

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

THURSDAY, OCT. 15, 1857.

Positive Arrangement.

Subscribers receiving their papers with a cross mark are notified thereby that their subscription will expire in four weeks, and unless renewed within that time their names will be erased from the mail book.

TERMS:

1 Copy one year.....$ 2.00
6 Copies " 10.00
10 " " 15.00

☞ No paper sent unless the money accompanies the order, nor will the paper be sent longer than paid for. ☜

☞ Specimen copies sent gratis, on application.

Address, OGBURN, COLE & ALBRIGHT, Greensboro' N. C.

MR. GORMAN'S ADDRESS.

We were very highly pleased with the public Temperance address delivered in the Methodist Church on Monday night, by A. M. Gorman, Esqr., Editor 'Spirit of the Age,' Raleigh, N. C. It was a chaste, courteous and well prepared document, full of sound reasoning, good advice and timely warning.

The desolating march of intemperance has followed in the wake of every whitening sail of Commerce, and in the foot-prints of every forest pioneer. Like the frozen serpent revived by the genial warmth of the farmer's hearth, it has thrust its poisonous fangs into the innocent blood of every circle. And like the heathen woman, the serpent worshipping mother, who deeply wails the death of her innocent babe, yet dares not strike the death-blow to the coiled serpent upon her hearth, we too foster around our family boards a serpent, whose sting dies not with the death of the body, but commensurate with the immortality of the soul, its pangs magnify as eternity exceeds the winged flight of one short hour. Worse than this poor, superstitious heathen woman, whose lot is cast in the midnight darkness of ignorance and uncivilization, we sin in the meridian sunlight of Christianity.

But God is on the side of right, and though like the purity of Christianity, locked up in a few hearts among the fastnesses of the Waldensian mountains, it is destined to burst forth in deafning shouts and cover the face of all the land. The cause of Temperance may be subject to its ebbs and flows, but it is yet destined to occupy one of the fairest pages in the world's history. The father and mother will then cast no sad lingering look, or brush the burning tear, for fear their boy, whose face is now turned thitherward from the hearthstone, will fall a victim to the tempter. The daughters will then have no dark side of a dark picture to contemplate: for the altars of Bacchus will have no Priests to sacrifice Hymenial vows.

To whom shall we appeal in vain, that right may prevail, that the wailing of intemperance from the 10.000 drunken abodes in North Carolina may be hushed. To that father who *moderately* takes his daily drams? To that sister who lends her *smiles* to the sparkling wine glass?

"Where is thy brother? What hast thou done? the voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground."

MINERAL WEALTH OF NORTH CAROLINA:—A very rich mine of Copper has recently been discovered in Jackson County, ten miles south-east from Webster. The vein is four feet wide, depth unknown.

The Asheville News in speaking of the discovery, says every day develops more of the resources of our end of the State, and brings to light some of the hidden treasures which nature has so profusely bestowed upon us. The time is coming when the Copper fields of North Carolina will be looked to for a large portion of the amount necessary to supply the demands of commerce. Our people, although laboring under many and sore disadvantages, are patiently and faithfully working out the grand result. Enterprise and energy are undermining the "everlasting mountains" and dragging to the light the rich treasures which have been hid from the foundation of the world.

CAUSE AND EFFECT:—"I have seen the wicked in great power, and spreading himself like a green bay-tree. Yet he passed away, and lo, he was not; yea, I sought him, and he could not be found." Psalms.

Who were among the first to *pass away* in this money crisis? Jewett & Co., Publishers Uncle Tom's Cabin etc. Bennett of the New York *Herald*, a *pretended* friend of the South and a *bought* friend to Freemont last $80.000. Harper & Brothers, *boss* to Porte Crayon, the curicaturist of North Carolina, has suspended.

AMERICAN PROGRESS.

The patent office of the United States is the best registry of American progress of any department of government. The mind is the grand basis of all progress, and when active, its fruits will show it. Discoveries, inventions and applications are its chronomatic points and the patent office department is the great registry.

The Scientific American, published in New York, and devoted to the cause of Science and inventions, as its name indicates, has just entered on its 13th year. It is a most excellent weekly Journal, full of useful information. In commencing a new volume, it speaks of the 12 years of its life, the progress in inventions, as follows:

The SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN is twelve years old, and now begins its thirteenth year. This seems but a small period of time; but in its scientific achievements it equals, if it does not exceed the preceding half century.

Let us look back a little, and note a few of the prominent steps in progress and discovery which have been chronicled since our journal entered into existence.

The number of new inventions patented in this country during the past twelve years is about 15,500. The total number of patents issued during the preceding *seventy-five* years was 14,500. This is a deeply interesting fact, as it shows how ideas beget ideas—how one invention is the parent of another. It substantiates the oft-expressed opinion that mind has only just begun to exercise its control over matter, and leads to the irresistible conclusion that far more wonderful things are yet to be revealed by the workings of human ingenuity than any that have hitherto been produced.

The Electric Telegraph, as a practical invention, was only a year old when the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN started in life. The first forty-four miles of telegraph had just been put in operation. There are now in operation and under construction thro'out the world about *eighty thousand miles*.

Twelve years ago, the people of different continents were, in a great measure, isolated from each other. The pathless waters cut them off, as mankind then believed, from all communication, save by the slow and dangerous process of navigation. But now, on wings of lightning, defiant of wind or wave, messages of peace and good-will glide through the world. It is not probable that a submarine telegraph cable could have been successfully constructed twelve years ago, for it is only since then that the wonderful gum, Gutta Percha, has been made known and utilized. As an electrical insulator, gutta percha stands almost next to glass.

Twelve years ago, the artist's pencil, slow and distorted, was almost the only means known whereby natural objects were capable of being reproduced. But drawing lessons have been taught to the Sun, and now he gives us any picture we may desire, *in an instant*. Nor is he particular as to the substance upon which he paints the object; metal, glass, canvas, leather and wood, all are alike available to him.

In chemistry, what wonders have been developed within twelve years! Oil made from coal has become a common article of commerce. The fishes that inhabit the great deep no longer constitue the chief sources of our oleaginous products. The touchstone which actually converts base metals into gold and silver, has not, it is true, been discovered, but a new metal, wonderful and precious in its character, has been produced from common clay.

The shrieks of patients, writhing under the surgeon's knife, are now no longer heard. Somniferous chloroform soothes the nerves, and brings "deep sleep" upon its subjects. And thus we might proceed to a far greater length in the enumeration of the prominent discoveries of the past twelve years; but time and space forbid.

STREET PREACHING IN WILMINGTON:—The Wilmington Commercial says the Rev. Dr. Deems preached at the Market House, in that town, on Sunday evening. Properly performed, as we feel assured were these services, avoiding sectarian and party feelings, a very large "outside" congregation may be collected and much good done. The Commercial says there were very few persons present at the commencement of the services, but quite a large number soon collected, of all ages, classes and colors, and probably, a more numerous company than has assembled in any Church in that place for many years. And yet, under all these circumstances the most profound attention was paid to the discourse, and stillness and order and propriety of deportment pervaded the whole assembly—and very many joined in the singing with, apparently, devotional feeling.

SERIOUS MORTALITY:—The Madison News of the 7th inst., publishes the sad intelligence of the demise of about seventy persons in that place and vicinity during the past seven months, and says "even now our cabinet Maker is daily engaged in making coffins for the dead." Let the cause of this sad visitation be what it may, we join in with the *News* in the hope that the calamity may soon pass away—that the winter of discontent may soon be made the spring time of peace and prosperity to Madison.

But if the troubled find no rest, we thank him who overruleth all things, that in Geensboro an asylum of health may be found. Come and possess?

GEN. WM. S. HASKELL.

We regret to hear that the great intellect of the once brilliant Haskell, whose eloquence has electrified thousands, has fallen. His friends have found it necessary to send him to the Lunatic Asylum.

We noticed a few weeks ago, in the Memphis Bulletin, a letter addressed to the editors from this unfortunate gentleman, in which he expressed an intention to abandon politics, and confine himself to Literature and the Law, proposing to deliver lectures on divers subjects in the cities throughout the United States. He would no doubt have succeeded in this enterprise, and made for himself a name, which if possible would have exceeded his already wide-spread reputation as an orator; but alas! "how are the mighty fallen." The mind of the great, the noble Haskell, is a wreck! the tongue that once held listening audiences spell-bound and entranced with its eloquence, now tattles in childish ignorance; the mighty man full of life and hope and promise has become a raving maniac. Who has not heard of Haskell, richly endowed with all those rare qualities, which adorn humanity? He was the pride of the social circle, and beloved by all who knew him personally, but alas! he has fallen, a polished shaft has been plucked from the quiver of humanity, a beautiful column as it were to the State of Tennessee has been shattered, and philanthropy involuntarily weeps over the beautiful ruins.

Intemperance is assigned as the leading cause. Another melancholy, sad instance of the deplorable effect of the wine cup!

THE EDUCATIONAL CONVENTION.

On last Saturday a respectable attendance of teachers and friends of Education met in this place for the purpose of organizing a Guilford County Teacher's Association, auxiliary to the State Educational Association. Below we present the proceedings which were merely initiatory to a full organization, On Saturday 31st. October, we expect a large attendance and an interesting occasion.

GUILFORD COUNTY TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION.—In accordance with a notice previously given, a meeting was held, in the district school house, in Greensboro', on Saturday, Oct. 10th 1857 for the purpose of forming a *County Teachers' Association*.

On motion, E. W. Ogburn Esq. was called to the chair; and J. D. Campbell was appointed Secretary.

It was then moved and carried, that a committee of three be appointed to prepare a constitution and report at an adjourned meeting; whereupon the chair appointed Messrs C. H. Wiley, Robert M. Bartley and James N. Hodgin.

Messrs. Wm. M. Wiley and J. D. Campbell were appointed to read essays, on the subject of Teachers' Associations, at our next meeting.

It was then moved and carried, that we adjourn, to meet in the Schoolroom of the *Greensboro' High School*, on Saturday Oct. 31st., at 10 O'clock A. M: at which time, all the teachers of the County, and other friends of education are earnestly requested to attend.

E. W. OGBURN Ch'r.
J. D. CAMPBELL Sec.

A National Thanksgiving Day.

A correspondent of the Washington (D. C.) States, very beautifully and appropriately refers to the subject of a "National Thanksgiving Day." He petitions Mr. Buchanan, an honorable member of the Bach. Fraternity, in the name of the ladies, (a name that ever prevails with the worthies of said Fraternity,) to confer upon the Union a "National Thanksgiving Day." Mr. Buchanan has the power—and we hope the will also—to nationalize the beautiful custom of family festival and neighborly reunions, which, in many of the States, is so well understood under the primitive term of Thanksgiving Day.

In the Eastern States, some day—usually in November or December—is appointed by proclamation of the State and city executives for this social and religious festival, and, from some tradition of the pilgrims, it is uniformly selected to fall on Thursday. There is, however, a day and an anniversary so national and sacred to American hearts, that it is a marvel that it has not become the fixed day of thanksgiving throughout the Union, without respect to Thursday or any day in the week.

On the 25th of November, 1783, the British army evacuated New York, and from their retiring ships saluted, for the first time in peace and recognition, the free and independent flag of the United States. This anniversary of our national triumph should be held next to the Fourth of July in American memories.

It is, in fact and history, the Thanksgiving Day of the whole communion of States; and would be accepted if any Executive will distinctly lead the way in proclaiming it.

The President of the United States is in the proper position to set the example, and therefore he is respectfully entreated to name, in the usual form, the 25th of November—the anniversary of the close of the Revolution—as a day of thanksgiving; and henceforth it will extend and become a national festival.

We hope all the good and patriotic Governors throughout the Union will act upon this reminder of an historic date which may have heretofore escaped their notice.

RUSSEL'S MAGAZINE:—The October number has been received, and we heartily agree with an exchange that it is a capital number. We regard this Magazine, published as it is at the South, and sustained by Southern intellect and enterprise, as eminently worthy patronage. The articles with which its pages are filled are carefully prepared, well written and therefore of no inferior order. The editorial department displays evidences of taste, talent and vigor. There is a freshness and originality in delightful contrast with the hackneyed style of the old fogy publications. The poetry also generally is very good. We hope this Magazine may be adopted "as the vehicle for the expression of Southern sentiment and intellect," and be sustained by troops of friends. Without a liberal patronage, it is impossible to sustain a Magazine of high character. We know not the extent of patronage given to Russel's Magazine, but we feel well assured of one thing, the publishers are accommodating, and would take pleasure in filling a few more orders. This number is the first of a new volume, so enclose three dollars to the publishers at Charleston, S. C., and try them for a year.

A THIEF IN DECENT GARB:—A Man, calling his name McFaddin, is noticed in a South Carolina paper, as having imposed upon the kindness and sympathy of a widow lady, feigning sickness, and then running off with a horse and buggy. He made for the North Carolina line to escape the merited penalty for so base a crime. To aid in bringing him to justice, or in preventing future aggressions, we warn the public. He left Society Hill, S. C., about the first of this month, and was heard of, making his way in the direction of Lumberton, N. C., inquiring for the North Carolina line and the way to Lumberton. The said individual appears to be intelligent and well educated, says he has been a Teacher or Professor in North Carolina. He is slender and rather tall, has a light complexion, thin visage, red hair, red goatee, and large blue eyes, and the appearance of feeble health.

The Monetary Difficulties.

Our exchanges are very barren of news. Their columns appear to be occupied principally with articles on the financial embarrassments of the country. We see no improvement in the state of affairs at the North.

A special dispatch to the Baltimore Sun, dated Friday, says that it is the settled conviction of the merchants in New York, that there can be no relief unless the banks expand. It also says that the proposition of the merchants for the banks to increase their loans to three millions has been refused.

The following dispatches will give the reader an idea of the state of affairs in N. York on Friday:

NEW YORK, Oct. 9.—There is a tremendous run on the Park Bank now going on. It is said to have only $150,000 in circulation and nearly $300.000 in specie.

NEW YORK, Oct. 9, P. M.—Messrs. Gallandet & Wetmore, Bankers, have suspended. The run upon the Park Bank subsided before the closing hour, the Bank having promptly paid all the demands made upon it.

The Brooklyn Central Bank has been enjoined and a receiver appointed.

A meeting of Bank officers was held at the Merchants' Bank, this afternoon, to devise measures of relief. It is reported that the banks will provide a fund of $6,000,000 for the special object of forwarding produce.

The Bowery Bank closed its doors to-day, and has been suspended from the Clearing House. Its bills, however, are abundantly secured, and will be taken by all the city banks. The institution is a small affair.

The house of Harper & Brothers failed yesterday. They are reported to have assets amounting to a surplus of upwards of one million dollars.

From Harrisburg the intelligence is favorable to a moderate degree of relief being granted the Pennsylvania banks by the called session of the Legislature. The Senate had passed a bill legalizing the suspension until the 1st of April next. The bill passed is probably that agreed upon by a special committee of the House. Besides legalizing the suspension until the date named, we learn from the Baltimore American that it extends the stay of execution six months longer than is now allowed by law; compels all banks to receive the notes of other banks; no bank to have power to discredit the notes of other banks save upon a statement sworn to by the President and Cashier, and forwarded to the Governor, and filed in the Secretary's office; bank notes to be receivable in payment for revenue by tax collectors; and banks to redeem in specie their notes when paid for tolls or taxes. The House had rejected a motion to adjourn *sine die* on Saturday last, and also refused to consider a bill establishing a free banking system. The indications were more promising than in the early days of the session that a reasonable degree of relief would be granted to the banks.

Additional failures in Boston as well as New York are reported. And we have no idea that the bottom of financial troubles is yet touched.

THE WANT SUPPLIED:—By reference to our advertising, persons who have long suffered incenveniences for the want of Family Groceries of any and all kinds, will see their wants now supplied. It is no small concern with a little Meal, sometimes a little Bacon, and occasionally a few Fish; But every thing needful in the Domestic Household, such as Sugars, Coffees, Molasses, Hardware, Confectionaries etc. etc. etc. They will sell wholesale and retail. Country Merchants will save money by saving the Freight of transporting from the North.

MELANCHOLY SUICIDE:—We learn that the Cashier of the Cape Fear Bank at Washington, committed suicide last week. An alarm of fire was given in town, which his daughter hearing, went to her father's room to wake him up. She found him laying across the bed, dressed as in the day, but not answering her calls, she approached his bed to arouse him by shaking, when she discovered blood upon his head. He had shot himself in the head, his hand still grasping the Pistol, as if he met with instant death.

No reason is assigned for the melancholy deed as all of his financial affairs and domestic relations were in the best conditions.

REMEDY FOR SNAKE BITE:—The Marion (S. C.) Star has been informed by Mr. Joseph P. Davis of that District of a cure for the bite of a rattlesnake, which will no doubt be of interest to our readers. A short time since he had a fine dog bitten by a large rattlesnake having 14 rattles. He immediately gave him a table-spoonfull of spirits of turpentine, and the same amount of Davis' Pain Killer. The dog was instantly relieved, and no swelling followed.

INTERNATIONAL COURTESY.—It is reported that the Navy Department has given orders to repair the Norwegian barque Ellen, (whose commander, Capt. Johnson, saved the lives of forty-nine American citizens,) and supply her with two months provisions for her return to Europe. The Ellen is now at the Gosport navy yard undergoing repairs.

IMMENSE COMB FACTORY:—It is said that the greatest comb manufactory in the world is in Aberdeen, Scotland. There are thirty-six furnances for preparing horns and tortoise shall for the combs, and no less than 120 iron screw presses are continualy going in stamping them.—Steam power is employed to cut the combs. The coarse combs are stamped or cut out, two being cut in one piece at a time.—The fine dressing combs, and all small tooth combs, are cut by fine circular saws, some so fine as to cut forty teeth in the space of one inch, and they revolve 5,000 times in one minute. There are some 2,000 varieties of combs made, and the aggregate number produced of all these different sorts of combs is about 9,000,000 annually—a quantity that, if laid together length—ways, would extend about 700 miles. The annual consumption of hoofs amount to 4,000,000; the consumption of tortoise shell and buffalo horn, although not so large, is correspondingly valuable. A hoof undergoes eleven distinct operations before it becomes a finished comb.

HON LOUIS MCLEAN died in Baltimore, oct. 6th. As a public man, he has long held a prominent position. In 1831, he was appointed Secretary of the Treasury by President Jackson, and subsequently held the post of Secretary of State. He subsequently, we think, held an important foreign mission, but during more recent years he has devoted his attention to measures of internal improvements.

ENTERED INTO REST.

On Saturday, Sept. 24th, after a pilgrimage upon earth of forty-seven years, six months and nineteen days, MARY ANN, the beloved wife of Alexander, and mother of Willie E. Pabor.

As the pure gold is tried in the fire, so her pure soul was tried in the fire of affliction. But "HE who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," did not forsake, but brought her safely through all trial and tribulation, and has now received her into "the rest that remaineth for the people of God."

Gone. Gone. We remain. "Even so FATHER, for so it seemeth good in thy sight."

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

A LAMENT.

BY W. E. PABOR.

"Best and dearest, and yet—gone!"
Felicia Hemans.

With slow reluctant feet I pace
The room she used to tread;
And in her old accustomed place
There is no sign, there is no trace
But whispers—*she is dead.*

Dead, dead! Alas, and is this all?
Came it to *this* at last?
How deep the measured accents fall!
How mournful the deserted hall,
Where shadows gather fast.

She gave me birth. She taught my lips
Early to utter prayer;
And now—my life is in eclipse;
Each hour in grooves of sorrow slips
And leaves me in despair.

She loved me. 'Twas a mother's love!
More powerful by far
Than loves below or loves above;
And all her thoughts were framed to prove
How bright its guiding star.

And she is gone. Oh, heart so sad!
And yet (so strange it seems)
In all my sorrow I am glad;
I know that she sure welcome had
Beyond the chilling stream.

She lived as one whose life was riven
From all the world's empire;
And unto me this bliss is given—
A worker in the courts of heaven,
Whose blessing on me lies.

PRIVATE CORNER.

FLETA.—We are truly sorry you forgot to enclose your proper name with your most beautiful and heart touching lines. We would be most happy to from your acquaintance, and to be privileged to present our readers contributions from your pen, so beautiful in diction and so elegantly written. We will with pleasure insert the lines now before us, immediately on the receipt of your proper address. With Editors this must be a rule without exception; and one other they never tell secrets.....INA CLAYTON.—The "Dying Girl's Soliloquy" is beautiful and pathetic. It shall have an early insertion. Back number forwarded. .....J. STARR HOLLOWAY.—Literary Gossip in time for next week with pleasure.

M. D. W., *Mich.*—By no means an intrusion. The Stanzas enclosed are very good, and we will be pleased to hear from you again.....CLARA AUGUSTA.—Much obliged for your good opinion, sketch and poems. The last contain the very essence of the Muses best efforts—they are beautiful.....E. S. M.—There is a very decided improvement in your article. Glad to hear from you, and to receive such cheering words of praise. Last copy sent.....MATTIE MELNOTTE, Thank you for your message, and hope the expectations you have created in us, to hear from you "now the long evening's of Autumn have set in," may not be blasted by disappointment.....G.—The papers have been sent as ordered. Your article is well written—we like it very much, and hope you will find it convenient to write often.

☞ If John Hutcheson will inform us at what office he has been receiving the Times, we will make the desired change.

THERE'S AN EXAMPLE FOR YOU.—A number of young ladies in Salem, Mass., having considered the state of the money market and determined not to pay ten or twenty dollars for a winter bonnet, have set about making bonnets for themselves.

DIED,

In Mt Airy, at the residence of his son, on Monday 21st ult., CHARLES BANNER, Esq., aged 84 years.

Wild Cherry at the South.—Our Agent at Athens, Georgia, sends us the following letter, with permission to publish:—

ATHENS, Augusta 24.

Dear Sir: Having been afflicted for more than ten months with Chronic Inflammation of the Lungs, at times very severely, and having adopted many medicines without any but temporary relief, I purchased about three bottles of *Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry*, from the effects of which I obtained more relief than from all the medicines I had ever taken for that distressing disorder. I have, by the repeated use of this valuable Balsam, been more free from pressure for breath and oppression on the Lungs, than I had anticipated, and, indeed, conceive that I will be cured, by continuing its use, of this most disheartening malady. I do most cheerfully tender you this acknowledgment, which you will use as your judgment dictates.

RODNEY BURKE,
Waynsborough, Burke co., Ga.

NEW GROCERIES FOR CASH.—We are now opening our stock of Groceries and Domestic Goods, which we are determined to sell cheaper by 25 per cent than they can be bought elsewhere this side of Wilmington. Come one, come all! Economy is prudence; buy where you can save your money and grow rich.

WE WANT Flaxseed, Beeswax, Tallow, Feathers, Flour, Meal, Furs, Chickens, Eggs, Butter, Lard, and all country produce in exchange for GOODS at CASH prices. Call at the old stand of Graham & Dunn, on West Market st. COLE & AMIS.
Oct., 1857. (93:tf)

FRESH ARRIVALS.—PER Schr. BELENE, from New York:
10 Bbls Porto Rico Molasses,
5 " Cuba "
5 " Best Syrup,
60 Boxes No. 1. and Pale Soaps Colgates,
25 " Assorted Candles,
15 bbls Irish Potatoes,
10 " Yellow Sugar. Low for cash.
GEO. H. KELLY & BRO.
Wilmington, Oct. 8.

WHEAT.—THE SUBSCRIBER will pay CASH for good WHEAT delivered at the depot at this place. Bring on your samples. E. W. OGBURN, Agent for Simmons & Clark, Greensboro, N. C.
Sept., 1857.

WALDRON'S GRASS & CRADLING Scythes, Hay & Manure Forks of the best quality for sale at cash prices by
June 16. R. N. CALDWELL.

LAMPS.
A large lot of FLUID LAMPS just received at the Drug Store of W. C. PORTER.

A GENERAL assortment of Hardware, Grain and Grass Scythes, Nails, Cordage, &c. R. G. LINDSAY,
N. E. corner of Elm & Market.

BOOK MUSLINS, JACONETT, Swiss & Cambric, both figured and plain. Diaper and Linen table covers, Whalebone and figured skirting, grass corded, and Hooped Skirts for sale at cash prices by
June 16. R. N. CALDWELL.

R. JUNIUS MENDENHALL, Land Agent,
Will select and enter Government Lands with cash or warrants—make investments, loan money—and transact a general real estate Business throughout the North West.
Address, R. J. MENDENHALL,
(65:1yr) Minneapolis, Minnesota.

DR. WM. C. SMITH, HAVING located in Greensboro, will attend all calls in town or country. He may be found at all times at his office, adjoining R. G. Lindsay's Store, formerly occupied by Dr. Freeman.
(92:3m)

MASONIC NOTICE.—THE members of Greensboro Lodge are notified to attend a called meeting, to be held on Friday night 23d inst., being the Friday night before Superior Court. Business of much importance demands a full attendance. By order of the MASTER.
(92:2w)

Annals of Southern Methodism, 1856, Bound, for sale by
June 25. E. W. OGBURN & Co.

LAND and NEGRO SALE
In Caswell county, N. C.

ON FRIDAY, 6th NOVEMBER, 1857, I shall sell a valuable Tract of land in Caswell co., at the late residence of *Robert Swift*, dec'd, containing 500 Acres more or less. This land is desirable in every respect, and well watered and timbered. The improvements on the land are very good. The Dwelling House is new and not quite finished. Out-houses good. This land lies about two and a half miles south of Camp Springs and adjoins the lands of Moses Simpson, John Simpson and the Widow Joseph Simpson, on the waters of Stony Creek. It is fine TOBACCO LAND. Planters! now is the time for you to look to your interest. The land is in half a mile of a first rate Merchant Mill.

On the same day I shall sell ten or twelve valuable NEGROES, and all the Horses, Cows, Sheep, Hogs, and all the other property belonging to the estate of the said Robert Swift.

Terms liberal and made known on day of sale.
(90:3w) JAMES M. GARRETT.

RECOLLECTIONS of a Life-time; Tit for Tat, a reply to, "Dad;" Magdalane Hepburn, by the author of Zaidee: Live and Learn; Prince of the House of David; Missing Bride; Spurgeon, the modern Whitfield; with numerous other works, and articles just received and for sale at the Book Store. E. W. OGBURN & Co.

HOWARD ASSOCIATION, Philadelphia.—Important Announcement to all persons afflicted with Sexual Diseases, such as Spermatorrhœa, Seminal Weakness, Impotence, Gonorrhœa, Gleet, Syphilis, the vice of Onanism, or Self Abuse, &c., &c.

The Howard Association, in view of the awful destruction of human life, caused by Sexual diseases, and the deceptions practised upon the unfortunate victims of such diseases by Quacks, have directed their Consulting Surgeon, as a CHARITABLE ACT worthy of their name, to give MEDICAL ADVICE GRATIS, to all persons thus afflicted, who apply by letter, with a description of their condition, (age, occupation, habits of life, &c.,) and in cases of extreme poverty and suffering, to furnish Medicines *free of charge*.

The Howard Association is a benevolent Institution, established by special endowment, for the relief of the sick and distressed, afflicted with "Virulent and Epidemic Diseases." It has now a surplus of means, which the Directors have voted to expend in advertising the above notice. It is needless to add that the Association commands the highest medical skill of the age, and will furnish the most approved modern treatment.

Just published, by the Association, a Report on Spermatorrhœa, or Seminal Weakness, the vice of Onanism, Masturbation or Self Abuse, and other diseases of the Sexual Organs, by the Consulting Surgeon, which will be sent by mail, (in a sealed envelope,) *free of charge*, on the receipt of *TWO STAMPS* for postage.

Address, Dr. GEO. R. CALHOUN, Consulting Surgeon, Howard Association, No. 2 South Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa. By order of the Directors.

EZRA D. HEARTWELL, President.
GEO. FAIRCHILD, Secretary. (50:1y)

NEW BOOKS—JUST RECEIVED.—The Star and Cloud, or a Daughter's Love, by A. S. Poe; The Artist's Bride, or the Pawn Broker's Heir, Bennet; The American Citizen, Hopkins; The Violet, or the Cross and the Crown, McIntosh; Life of Nathan Hale, the Martyr Spy, Stewart; Poems of Ossian; Old Herne, the Pawn-Broker, or the Orphan's Legacy; My last Cruise, or Where we went and What we saw, Habersham; The Rangers and the Regulators of the Tanaha; Vicar of Wakefield, Goldsmith; Hood's Poems; Longfellow's Poems; Counsel to the Awakened, or Path of Safety; Poems National and Patriotic by Cutter; Torrey's Interest Tables; The Prince of the House of David, Patton; Humorous Poetry of the English Language; Elihu Cook's Poems; Bancroft's History of the United States, six volumes; Cyclopædia of American Literature, Duyckinck; &c., &c.

At the Book Store by
April 16. E. W. OGBURN & CO.

50 THE REVISED CODE. COPIES received and for sale.
E. W. OGBURN.

DRUGS! DRUGS!! DRUGS!!! JUST to hand a large and well selected stock of Medicines, Oils, Paints, Dye Stuff, Brushes, Perfumery, Pomades, Extracts, Soaps, Cosmetics.

Also,

SEGARS of the choicest Brands; in fact, every article usually found in a Drug Store. Call on East Market. Orders promptly filled, Perscription carefully put up at all hours by
W. C. PORTER

HESPERIAN HARP, THE LARGEST and one of the best NOTE BOOKS in use, by Rev. Wm. Hauser, M.D., for sale at the Book Store by E. W. OGBURN & CO.

CARRIAGE FOR SALE. A GOOD second-hand Carriage for sale very cheap. Apply soon to
July 11, 1856. R. G. LINDSAY.

A NEW CABINET SHOP—J. A. PRITCHETT would respectfully inform the citizens of Greensboro and surrounding country that he has opened a CABINET SHOP on South street, one door from the Depot, where he is prepared to furnish all articles in his line such as Dressing Bureaus, Wardrobes, Bedsteads, Washstands, Tables, &c.

Work delivered on board the Cars *free of charge*.

He is desirous that all persons wishing anything in his line would call and examine his work as he is confident, from his past experience, that it cannot be excelled in any other shop. 66:1y

WHY DO YE SUFFER WITH CANCERS, ASTHMA, SCROFULA, or any SKIN DISEASE, when it is in your power to be speedily and effectually cured? Having treated many very bad cases—some which were given up as hopeless, by those not knowing my remedies—I have no hesitancy in saying *I can cure any one of the above diseases in a very short time*. Seeing is believing, and if any one is credulous, I can produce a number of certificates from some of the first men in this and the adjoining States.

Address, WM. E. EDWARDS,
Greensboro, N. C.

And calls will be made or Medicine sent by mail, at your option.

He is also in possession of a plain and simple art, by which the worst cases of STUTTERING and STAMMERING can be cured in a very short time.

☞ The afflicted would do well to write him, and describe their case.

BOARD AT NORMAL COLLEGE.

AT a meeting of the citizens, the following was established as the price of Board for the next three terms:—Board including every thing necessary, except washing and fuel, paid in advance, $6.50 per month.
Paid at the end of the Term, 7.00 "
Washing, 75 "

This will reduce the necessary expenses to about $100 per annum, for the highest rate.

Next term commences September 17.
B. CRAVEN.
Sept. 2, 1856. 31-tf

BARGAINS—THE BEST AND CHEAPEST GOODS IN MARKET, AT S. ARCHER'S STORE.—The Subscriber is now receiving his Fall stock of ready made Clothing. Overcoats, Shawls, Comforts, Shirts, Drawers, Cravats, Suspenders, Pocket Handkerchiefs, Socks, Collars, Hats, Boots, Shoes, Trunks, Traveling bags, Umbrellas and a great many other things too numerous to mention, and generally kept in a gentleman's furnishing store, to which he invites the attention of his friends, customers and the public. He flatters himself that he can and promises that he will offer them lower than any other house in this section of the country. These goods were bought low for cash, and will be sold low again for cash. Persons in want of such goods just call, examine and let the subscriber know that you have got the cash to pay for what you buy, and you will buy goods cheaper than you ever did before.

S. ARCHER.
East Market st., Greensboro, Oct 7th.

All kinds of Blanks for Sale.

THE TIMES.

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

MY BROTHER ROBERT,

OR

POOR LUCY'S STORY.

BY INA CLAYTON.

My Brother Robert was nineteen years of age when he left our home for Livingston academy where he was intending to spend the ensuing two years. He never had been from home a week in his life and no wonder the tears came into his eyes at parting with the friends who had loved him all his life as they loved themselves. I know my parents would nearly as soon have parted with their lives as to part with him, their only son, had they not known it was for his good to go, but they kissed him fondly, bade him be a good boy and then he went. I was a tiny child but I grieved sorely at the thought of Robert's leaving us. Who would make play houses for me and toss my kite high into the air, or draw me on the little hand sled over the snow in winter? ah nobody, now that Robert was gone, and how I did cry as the cruel stage bore him away. Beneath my mother's checked apron I found an asylum for my tear-stained face, and there I wept myself to sleep. I felt better when I awoke, and in the course of a few days we could all speak of his absence with more composure than at first. I contented myself with playing with my baby sister and we were both duly petted by our parents as we alone were left them. At the end of the term Robert came home to spend the vacation, and then happiness reigned in our household. He had grown tall and handsome since his absence and I looked upon him as one perfect in all his ways, and wondered if there was ever another like him. I felt very sad when he left us the second time, but I think I bore it better than the first parting.

"I suppose Tiny you will be a large girl when I come again" he said at parting, and I determined to grow as fast as possible that he might not be disappointed; and I did grow in knowledge as well as in stature, for I meant to be something for my brother Robert's sake. He spent the next vacation with us, he had improved wonderfully even since he was at home before, can I describe him, my brother Robert; he was tall and slender, with dark eyes, grecian nose, and lips of exquisite mould, while over his intellectual forehead dark chestnut locks hung in rich profusion, and the expression of his countenance was magnificent. I seem to see him now as he stood before me then a noble youth of twenty years, as prepossessing as ever mortal was, indulging in love's young dream, a dream which is known but once in a life-time, and he told my mother of his love, how the fair Ida Griswould had won his heart and he knew that he was as precious to Ida as she was to him. My Mother bade him choose for himself, and if he found his ideal realized in Ida to cherish her as a gift from Heaven. Robert assured my Mother that Ida was all that he could wish and that nothing could cause him to think otherwise.

Another year passed and he brought her to our home, I remember the moment they alighted at my father's door; Robert and Ida. They were a handsome couple. As far as beauty was concerned I think Ida was his equal, and never a sweeter voice proceeded from woman's lips; she was gentle too, and affectionate; I learned to love her like a sister; my mother, too, became ardently attached to her. She lingered with us one month, it was the rosy month of June and we all enjoyed it. Robert was constantly by her side, and many were the riding and walking excursions they enjoyed while Ida was with us, they sometimes permitted me to accompany them. The last excursion I took with them Ida, in course of their conversation remarked.

"How very beautiful the scenery is that surrounds your home Robert, I do not think I could ever weary of this place."

"Well, I hope my pet will never weary of the place that is to be her future home, she shall not if my efforts can in any way enhance its beauties, to her," and he drew her passionately to his heart, and the love light that gleamed from the eyes of both did not escape my notice. Ida left us the last day of June, she kissed us all at parting and told us we had become very dear to her; Robert escorted her to her home; he was gone just a week and then he returned to us. I heard my Mother ask him when they were to be married, and he replied, "next Christmas."

After Ida left us my brother would return from the post office day after day the picture of despair, at length he told my parents that he had received no tidings from Ida since she returned home, although he had written daily, and the suspense was killing him. My Mother advised him to wait patiently that it might be she was ill, but in case she was she would employ some friend before a great while to write for her. One morning about two weeks after Ida's return a letter came that purported to be from Ida, and the cruel words it contained were these—

"Robert: Let us forget the past, I cannot be yours. I see the folly of such a union; I shall sail to morrow, with my father for Liverpool, now adieu, IDA.

"Can it be that Ida is so heartless, Mother," he asked?

"It does not seem possible," my Mother replied "and you had better go, my son, to Livingston immediately and learn the truth of this matter." My Mother looked up from the em. broidery she wos stitching only to see blood oozing from his mouth and nostrils. She sprang to his assistance but before she reached him he had fallen from his chair. A blood vessel was ruptured and he was laid upon a bed from which he did not arise for many weeks. How many hours I sat by his side as he lay there so deathy pale and oh, how my child heart pitied the noble sufferer; as young as I was I understood the cause of his suffering and as much as I had loved Ida, how deeply I blamed her then. The summer passed, likewise the autumn and the white snow came down and wrapped the earth in a shroud of gloom, and still Robert was an invalid; sometimes he ventured out of doors, but seldom. It was the week preceeding Christmas when one day there came another letter from Ida. Here we have it:

"Dearest Robert, Can it be that you have forgotten me, if not, do come to me at once for I feel that I am dying. I must see you once more.—

Your own IDA."

Not an hour elapsed after its perusal ere he was on his way to Livingston. The storm came down and the wild wind roared to the extent of its ability, but he heeded it not, he was strong then and could brave the tempest, he would soon see Ida whether alive or in death's cold embrace he knew not. The next day at one o'clock he reached her home. He was shown into her room and there the innocent Ida lay apparently lifeless, until she saw him approaching her bed side, then in the most agonizing tone she exclaimed "Oh, Robert, why have you sought to kill one to whom you was dearer than life, why have you not answered any of the countless letters I have written you, oh tell me before I die, that I may forgive you?"

"Ida, love, do you say that you have supposed me untrue to you, that you have repeatedly written me and yet received no reply; believe me Ida I have received but two letters from you since we parted, the first stated that you was to start for Europe the ensuing day and desired no further correspondence with me, the last that you were very ill and wished to see me, and I have heeded your request. Since I received your letter I have neither eaten or slept, and never do I care to sleep again until the sleep of death overtakes me unless you, my angel, can be restored to life, and me."

"I am yours in life or death" said the seemingly dying girl. "Oh, Robert who has wronged us so, who has intercepted our letters?"

"I am the one, and oh, may God forgive me," shrieked a voice from the other part of the room. "I, your cousin who should have been your confident and friend have done it. I, too, have loved the noble youth, dear Ida to whom you gave your young heart and I could not bear to see your happiness. Thus with the help of my brother who is clerk in our post office I have intercepted your letters, and I have likewise destroyed all of Robert Atherton's letters, addressed to you. But now that I have ruined the happiness, of two innocent loving hearts forever, I deserve nothing but death, and here it is," and drawing a phial from her bosom she drank the contents. "On my tombstone place the inscription Nancy Morton, the murderess, it is all I deserve," so saying she flew from the room. In less than an hour she was numbered with those "gone before."

Her brother left the country. He had been an ardent admirer of Ida's but deeming his passion hopeless he too had sought revenge. During Nancy Morton's confession Ida scarcely manifested any signs of life, and her friends were fearful she would never speak again. Robert knelt beside her couch and tenderly besought her to speak, once more at least, for his sake.

"Wait a few moments, Robert, the sweet dream that is passing through my brain is too delicious to be disturbed." Thus for one long hour she slumbered on and her sleep seemed to be that of restoration. At length she awoke and calling Robert's name, said: "I have been dreaming of a life of love and happiness which is to be yours and mine, the clouds have all passed over and the golden sunshine will henceforth beam upon us. Robert be of good cheer I shall be restored to you, and the knowledge that you have been true to me will alone give me life and strength again."

"Heaven knows we have both been true to each other," said Robert kissing the colorless hand which he held within his own.

Ida recovered slowly, Robert seldom left her side, but day by day he watched over her as an angel is supposed to watch over its charge. As she became convalescent he read to her, rode with her each morning in Esquire Griswold's elegant carriage until at last the flush of health returned to her cheek, and Ida was herself again. Many were the heartfelt congratulations that greeted them on their bridal morn. It was a beautiful spring morning when they were married, foreboding a life of happiness and sunshine. And such I trust their life has been, I remember no happier era in my existence than the day that brought my brother and his new wife to our home at Le Grande place; I seem still to feel the thrill of that sweet kiss my new sister placed upon my lips the evening that she came to us as Robert's bride. I loved her then, I love her still as tenderly as I do my own sister. My Brother Robert, too, is still the same kind brother that he was the morning he left us for the first time for Livingston academy. He is now a man of middle age happy in the love of his wife and children, the sorrowful past is seldom referred to, and the wicked Nancy Morton's name is never spoken in Robert's household.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

SONNET * * * RAMESES.

BY C. MURCHISON.

Behind the sable curtains of the West,
He drave his chariot-wheels along the skies,
Drew in the reins and turned his flashing eyes
To earth, and threw a javelin at its breast,
O'er which a ship was passing, but the dart
Fir'd, the Magazine and shoreward glanc'd,
Splintering a Pedee pine in years advanc'd,
With Tuscarora's memories in its heart
There are who love the birds, the breeze, and ocean,
But others list the Thunder's semi-sublime!
Blest Rameses, symphonious, divine!
Thou strik'st the heart with double deep emotion,
On strings vibrating in their chimes "Beware!"
Or ireful tread, like steed of brave Corsair!

"Circumstances Alter Cases."

A paragraph has been going the rounds of the papers, of a most atrocious poisoning case, in the South, by which some thirty persons had been poisoned, of which several had died. It was stated that the guilty perpetrators had been seized by an incensed populace and summarily executed. To the credit of the law-abiding character of that people, this latter statement was untrue; but before its contradiction, we did not see the first word of reprobation, in any of our Southern exchanges; and now that the guilty wretches are in the hands of the law, the universal cry is—"let sentence of death be speedily executed upon them."

We join in the demand for severe justice upon the inhuman monsters; but have we not other *poisoners* in our country who are dealing out to their fellow-citizens that which *they know to be poison*, and which is taking the lives of their victims almost daily? We hear no diatribes against *them*. Suppose it were announced that chemists in North Carolina we had twenty thousand men, who were engaged daily, in the business of poisoning their neighbors; and it was well known that the law provided no punishment for such atrocity, but on the contrary, protected them in their cruelty, fostered their crimes, and stigmatized as *"unconstitutional,"* every attempt at redress; who would hesitate to justify any amount or description of vengeance which the friends of their victims might inflict upon them? Is not this a parallel case with the liquor traffic and the liquor dealer.—*Spirit of the Age.*

A Good Little Girl.—Before a good little girl lies down on her pillow, she kneels down and thanks God for his goodness to her. Can a kitten thank God? No; because a kitten cannot think or understand about God. You can because you have a soul; it is your soul that thinks of God. Besides thanking God, this little girl asks God to forgive her naughty thoughts and naughty actions, and make her good and obedient like his dear son. She wants to be one of God's dear children. She also prays God to take care of her in the night. When her father and mother are asleep, they cannot watch over her little bed, and keep her from harm. Whose eye never sleeps? It is God's. He looks down upon her all the dark night through, and sends his angel to tend her. Do you know the pretty verse—

"I lay me down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow of my head,
While well appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed."

How sweet to feel safe in God's tender care!

Col. Benton has in press a Review of the Dred Scott decision, in which he takes ground with Justices Curtis and McLean in opposition to the opinion of the Court.

Farm, House and Fyn.

AN EXAMINATION.

The July *Knickerbocker* has the following. There is something more than an *attempt* at wit in it:

Class in Natural History. Take your places. Subject of to-day's lesson?

Answer. The Young American.

Q. Where is this animal found?

A. In *Uppertendom.*

Q. Can it exist in any but its native air?

A. It cannot thrive, except where civilization is overgrown.

Q. To what other species is it nearly allied?

A. The monkey.

Q. Which most resembles man?

A. Some naturalists place the Young American next to man, but by most it is considered inferior to the monkey.

Q. Describe the Young American.

A. Body and limbs exceedingly slight—head small and very erect, being light—the coat smooth and glittering in spots with the brilliancy of gold or gems—eyes usually mild and gentle in expression, though when the animal is roused, they are capable of a furious glare. A striking peculiarity is the long fur or hair, which, with some, quite covers the face, with others, all but a narrow space below the eyes. Forehead low—teeth small, sharp, and very wite.

Q. Is the Young American dangerous?

A. Sometimes threatening, but seldom dangerous. They retreat at once when attacked by man. The kind called Fortune Hunters should, however, be excepted. They are keen-scented and cunning, stealthy in the pursuit of prey, and cruel to their victims.

Q. On what does the Young American subsist?

A. On "Father's money"—a substance well known in Uppertendom.

Q. Has the Young American any thing like the power of speech?

A. When irritated, it gives utterance to a low growling sound, but is usually quiet.

Q. Can this creature be made useful to man, in any way?

A. Some attempts to train him for usefulness have been made, but in vain—they have always resulted in a loss of individuality, and have, therefore, been abandoned. Yet it is valued as a pet by ladies, who are often fond of the creature as a companion in their walks, and they even give it a place in their drawing-room; merely as a play-thing, however, as it is of no use where protection is needed. Still, the Young American fills a place in Uppertendom which no other animal in the known world would occupy.

Q. Then what appears to be the object of its existance, if it cannot be rendered useful?

A. The object of its existance is yet to be discovered, althoug as we are taught that nothing is made in vain, there is doubtless a design in the existence of the Young American.

Q. Is the Young American ever confounded with the True American?

A. Never. The True American is quite a distinct species, and is not found in Uppertendom.

Perfect lessons. The class may be seated.

Plantain Leaves.—It would seem, upon the authority of a correspondent of the Boston Traveller, that toads are sometimes bitten by poisonous spiders, upon which they immediately nip a plantain leaf, and experience no harm; whereas, if they cannot get the leaf, they soon swell up and die. Plantain leaves are often applied externally to cure the sting of a bee or wasp, and if the statement about the toad be true, it seems likely that the juice of the plant taken inwardly might be a good remedy for more dangerous poisons.

Sitting up with the Sick.—The presence of strangers in the sick-chamber is always unfavorable to the repose of the patient, and the burning of lights renders any thing like natural rest or sound sleep impossible. Next to the absurdity of dosing a sick person with some nauseous drug every two or three hours, is that of preventing his rest by watchers; and when two persons watch together in a sick-room, their conversation or whispering is often worse for the patient than the disease itself.

Prosperity shines on different persons much in the same way that the sun shines on different objects. Some it hardens like mud, whilst others it softens like wax.

A culprit being asked what he had to say why sentence of death should not be recorded against him replied: He had nothing to say, as too much had been said about it already.

A Printer's Toast.—Woman, the fairest work of creation. The edition being extensive, let no one be without a copy.

Eggs for Burns.—The white of an egg has proved of late the most efficacious remedy for burns. Seven or eight successive applications of this substance soothe the pain and effectually exclude the burned parts from the air. This simple remedy seems to us far preferable to collodion or even cotton.

As a remedy for Dyspepsia and Indigestion, we think the Oxygenated Bitters unequalled. They are free from alcohol, and contain—judiciously combined with other hygienic substances—oxygen, the chief vital element.

TO MECHANICS, INVENTORS AND MANUFACTURERS.

In announcing the THIRTEENTH Annual Volume of the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, the Publishers respectfully inform the public that in order to increase and stimulate the formation of clubs, they propose to offer *one thousand five hundred dollars in Cash Premiums* for the fifteen largest lists of subscribers sent in by the 1st of January, 1858; said premiums to be distributed as follows:—

For the largest list, $300; 2d, $250; 3d, 200; 4th, 150; 5th, 100; 6th, 90; 7th, 80; 8th, 70; 9th, 60; 10th, 50; 11th, 40; 12th, 35; 13th, 30; 14th, 25; 15th, $20.

Names of subscribers can be sent in at different times and from different Post Offices. The cash will be paid to the orders of the successful competitors, immediately after the 1st of January, 1858.

Southern, Western and Canada money will be taken for subscriptions. Canadian subscribers will please to remit Twenty-six cents *extra* on each year's subscription to pre-pay postage.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—Two Dollars a year, or One Dollar for six months.

Club Rates.—Five copies, for six months, $4; five copies, for twelve months, $8; ten copies, for six months, $8; ten copies for twelve months, $15; twenty copies for twelve months, $28.

For all Clubs of Twenty and over, the yearly subscription is only $1.40.

The new volume will be printed upon fine paper with new type.

The general character of the Scientific American is well known, and, as heretofore, it will be chiefly devoted to the promulgation of information relating to the various *Mechanical and Chemical Arts, Manufactures, Agriculture, Patents, Inventions, Engineering, Mill Work,* and all interests which the light of *Practical Science* is calculated to advance. It is issued weekly, in form for binding; it contains annually from 500 to 600 finely executed Engravings, and Notices of American and European Improvements, together with an Official List of American Patent Claims published weekly in advance of all other papers.

It is the aim of the Editors of the Scientific American to present all objects discussed in its columns in a practical and popular form. They will also endeavor to maintain a candid fearlessness in combating and exposing false theories and practices in Scientific and Mechanical matters, and thus preserve the character of the Scientific American as a reliable Encyclopedia of Useful and Entertaining Knowledge.

☞ Specimen copies will be sent gratis to any part of the country.

MUNN & CO., Publishers and Patent Agents,
(90) No. 128 Fulton street, N. Y.

W. GILMORE SIMMS' WORKS Complete, New and Revised Editions, with Illustrations. **Revolutionary Tales**—The Partisan; Mellichampe; Katharine Walton; The Scout; Woodcraft, The Forayers Eutaw; **Border Romances**—Guy Rivers; Richard Hurdis; Border Beagles; Charlemont; Beauchampe; Confession; The Yemassee; Southward, Ho! **Poems**—In two volumes. At the Book Store by
April 16. E. W. OGBURN & CO.

OAK RIDGE MALE INSTITUTE.—THE Fall Session of Oak Ridge, will open on the 27th of August next under the care and instruction of Rev. T. S. WHITTINGTON A. M., as Principal, with competent assistants.

Price of Tuition and Board as follows:—Tuition from $8 to $15 per session; Board $6 per month.

For further particulars, address the Principal, at Oak Ridge, Guilford county, N. C.
July 20th, 1857. 82:3m.

A FRESH SUPPLY OF GOOD COFFEE, just received and for sale by
June 16. R. N. CALDWELL.

SOMETHING NEW!
A FAMILY PROVISION STORE!
MRS. L. BENCINI has just received and opened a large supply of all kinds of
FAMILY GROCERIES,
which will be sold cheap for cash.
☞ Country produce taken in exchange at Market price. Sept. 22

DANBURY FEMALE SEMINARY, STOKES COUNTY, N. C.—This institution, located at Danbury, N. C., in the midst of the romantic mountain region of North-Carolina, and within a short distance of the Piedmont Springs, possesses unusual attractions; and the rare qualifications of the Instructors in imparting ornamental and useful learning, rank the Institution as one worthy of a most liberal patronage. Not only from its situation in one of the most beautiful and healthful portions of the State, but from the diligent and watchful care bestowed upon all who are placed in charge of the Principal, this School possesses peculiar advantages. Students are here prepared to enter any class in college. The Fall Session will open on the first Thursday in September, and close on the fourth Thursday in January following. The Spring Session will open on the same day, and continue twenty-one weeks. Pupils should consider the importance of being present at the opening.

Board can be had at from $6 to $7. Tuition in English course, $5—8—10, according to standing. Music $18; French $5. For further information adress ADA MOORE, Principal, Danbury, N. C. 6m

MELANOTYPES AND AMBROTYPES:—The Subscriber would respectfully call the attention of the ladies and gentlemen of Greensborough and vicinity to his Melanotype Pictures which are taken on sheet iron manufactured expressly for the purpose. In richness of tone, warmth of expression, completeness of detail, and boldness of feature, good Melanotypes are not surpassed for durability. There is no question of their superiority. They will receive a fall without a fracture, a bend without injury; may be washed off when soiled, be handled without the face being marred, unless abused by rough scratching which would deface the best oil painting; they are susceptible of high and very beautiful coloring; they are suitable for Lockets, Breast-pins, Rings, &c. The above pictures are taken and put up in a style not surpassed in the State.

Prices varying from $1.00 to $10.00, according to size and quality. Transparent pictures put up by the New Silicated process.

Room No. 4 on 2nd story of Garrett's New Brick Building.
May 6. A. STARRETT.

TEXT Books, used in Colleges and Common Schools, kept constantly on hand by
E. W. OGBURN.

BOLTING CLOTHS and BURR MILL STONES.—The genuine Anker Brand Cloths of all Nos. from 1 to 11, inclusive, kept in full supply on hand. French Burr Mill Stones of any size, to order, and warranted, delivered at Wilmington, Fayetteville, or any Station on the N. C. Railroad.
R. G. LINDSAY,
April, 1857. N. E. corner of Elm & Market

A New Book.
The Old North State in 1776: Second Series, by E. W. Caruthers, D.D., just published, and for sale by
Aug., 1856 E. W. OGBURN.

HAND VICES, BEEF MALLS, German, Blister & Cast Steel, Wheat, Meal, & Sand Sieves, received and for sale by
June 16. R. N. CALDWELL.

COLLINS & Co. GENUINE Hartford Axes, for sale at cash prices by
June 16. R. N. CALDWELL.

JAMES M. HUGHES, FASHIONABLE TAILOR, West Market Street, one door below the Book Store. All persons wishing Clothes made in the latest style and on the most reasonable terms, can be accommodated by calling at my shop. I have a regular agency by which I receive the Paris, New York and Philadelphia fashions every three months. No establishment in the country is better prepared to give good and fashionable work. One trial is all that is asked, and if satisfaction is not given as above, the money will be refunded both in cutting and making.
JAMES M. HUGHES.
March 12, 1857.

SUMMER DISTRIBUTION—COMMON SCHOOLS, 1857.

No.	1	$26.18	No.	27	$26.80	No.	53	$34.00
	2	24.48		28	40.46		54	32.30
	3	26.86		29	26.16		55	37.74
	4	25.84		30	41.14		56	30.60
	5	44.54		31	29.58		57	39.44
	6	22.20		32	21.62		58	21.08
	7	27.90		33	62.02		59	35.70
	8	28.56		34	48.62		60	24.14
	9	28.56		35	19.72		61	22.46
	10	26.52		36	43.62		62	21.42
	11	23.80		37	26.72		63	24.14
	12	23.80		38	58.48		64	20.40
	13	17.68		39	10.88		65	23.80
	14	20.74		40	23.12		66	18.70
	15	28.46		41	28.22		67	24.12
	16	34.68		42	33.78		68	24.14
	17	24.82		43	27.20		69	9.52
	18	25.50		44	17.68		70	13.60
	19	30.60		45	24.48		71	28.70
	20	7.48		46	29.24		72	18.02
	21	25.50		47	23.12		73	17.68
	22	31.96		48	24.54		74	26.86
	23	46.24		49	10.32		75	25.16
	24	36.72		50	44.54		76	15.64
	25	22.44		51	14.62			
	26	27.54		52	28.56			

$84. E. W. OGBURN, Ch'n B. Sup't.

VALUABLE LAND FOR SALE.—The subscriber being desirous of selling out, offers to the public his very valuable Plantation on which he now lives, situated on the Danville Road 10 miles from Greensboro. The tract is well timbered, well watered, has good bottom land, and has a good Dwelling House and all the necessary out buildings to render a farm residence pleasant, with a very good well in the yard. The Tract contains between 250 and 300 acres of Land.

It will be sold at private sale on reasonable terms and payments arranged to suit the purchaser. WM. D. SMITH.
July 13, 1857. 80-tf.

J. W. HOWLETT, D. D. S. J. T. HOWLETT.
J. W. HOWLETT & SON,
DENTISTS,

Respectfully offer their professional services to the citizens of Greensborough and all others who may desire operations performed on their teeth in the most approved, modern and scientific manner.

They are amply qualified to perform all and every operation pertaining in any way to Dental Surgery, unsurpassed for utility or beauty.

The Senior of the firm has in his possession Diplomas from the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, American Society of Dental Surgeons, and Dr. S. S. Fitch of Philadelphia, and has been in the regular practice of the profession for over twenty years.

They have furnished their Operating Rooms [on Market Street two doors above the Bland House,] in a handsome and comfortable manner for the reception of ladies, where one of the firm may always be found. Ladies will be waited on at their residences if desired.
January 1, 1856. 1-1y.

FARMERS HALL, Raleigh, N. C.

HARVEST.
July, 1856.

Grain and Grass Reapers.
Sinclair's, Montgomery, Rockaway Wheat Fans.
Henry and light Horse Powers & Thrashers.
Revolving Horse Rakes.
Sinclair's and Grant's Grain Cradles.
Grain and Grass Blades, all sizes and best qualities.
Scythe Stones and Rakes, &c., &c.

Also,

Sinclair's French Burr Stone Grist Mill.
Ditto Iron Mill, & Corn & Cob Crushers combined warranted to grind table meal.
Scott's Little Giant, all sizes, } Corn & Cob
Sinclair's Little Champion, & } Crushers.
Leavelt's improved Young America. }
McGregory's Agricultural Boilers, all sizes.
Sinclair's Horse and Hand Iron Propeller Straw Cutters.
Corn Shellers, &c., &c., all of which may be had at Manufacturer's prices, with freight only added. JAMES M. TOWLES,
(27::tf) *Raleigh, N. C.*

MRS. LUCRETIA SALLEE, having settled in Greensboro', where she expects to carry on Bleaching, Cutting, Triming and Shaping of Bonnets, flatters herself from her long experience in the business, that she can give satisfaction to all who may give her a call. She can make the most ill-shaped Bonnet look as bright as if new. She is prepared to furnish the most fashionable Trimmings.

All work sent from a distance shall be promptly attended to. One trial is all that is asked to give satisfaction.

Call in the corner house in the rear of Messrs. J. & F. GARRETT'S STORE. (44:tf)

Notice! VALUABLE Land Sale in Caswell Co., N. C.

ON TUESDAY, 3rd NOVEMBER, 1857, we shall offer for sale the land of *Thomas Gerrell*, dec'd, one of the most valuable Tracts in the country, containing some **650 Acres** more or less. This land is situated on the public road leading from High Rock to Yanceyville, 1 mile from Camp Spring Meeting House, 6 miles from Neel's Store, and 13 miles from Yanceyville. It is one of the most desirable locations in Caswell county, well watered and about half *HEAVILY TIMBERED* with the best Oak and Poplar, and within half a mile of a good Saw Mill. There is also one of the best *ORCHARDS* on the premises in the county. The said Land adjoins the lands of the late Thomas Williamson, dec'd, and the land formerly owned by Thomas Reid, Esq., on the Country Line, and Moses Simpson and John Henry Simpson. It is not often that such valuable TOBACCO LAND as this can be bought in the county. Planters look out for yourselves. Mr. John Henry Simpson will show the land to parties wishing to see it. On the same day *all of the property* that the said Thomas Garrett died in possession of, will be sold. A lot of NEGROES, Horses, Cows, Sheep, Hogs, Corn, Wheat, and many other articles too tedious to mention. Terms liberal and made known on day of sale.
(90::5w) J. & F. GARRETT.

☞ Weekly Raleigh Standard; Milton Chronicle; and Danville Republican copy 1 month and send account to this office.

MARBLE YARD,
NORTH STREET OPPOSITE HOPKINS HOTEL,
Greensboro, N. C.

THE undersigned would respectfully inform the citizens of Greensboro and surrounding country, that he has opened a Marble Shop a few doors North of the Court House, where he is prepared to furnish all kinds of MONUMENTS, TOMBS and GRAVE STONES, as cheap as they can be had in any part of the country. He flatters himself that for workmanship he will give satisfaction to the most fastidious. He invites all to give him a call before purchasing elsewhere.
GEO. HEINRICH.
Feb. 2, 1857. (57::ly.)

New Books just received at the Book Store.
Lena Rivers, Mrs. M. J. Holmes.
The Heiress of Greenhurst, Mrs. Stephenson.
Adam Graeme of Mossgray, by the Author of Zaidee.
Indigenous Races of the Earth.
Inquire Within, or 3700 facts for the people.
For sale by E. W. OGBURN & Co.
June 24.

SIX MINUTE CHURNS.
A NOTHER Lot of these Celebrated Hydro Thermal Churns just at hand at Manufacturer's prices, only adding freight.
JAMES M. TOWLES,
(27::tf) *Raleigh, N. C.*

PROSPECTUS OF THE NORTH CAROLINA JOURNAL OF EDUCATION.—At the recent meeting of the N. C. Educational Association, in Warrenton, the undersigned were appointed a committee to make the necessary arrangements for publishing a monthly Journal, with the above title.

Having made arrangements for issuing the first No. in September next, they call, with confidence, upon the friends of Education throughout the State, and especially upon Teachers and School Officers, to send subscriptions immediately, that they may be enabled to go on with the work. They feel assured that, if those, who have the educational interests of our State at heart, will exert themselves, the number of subscribers, requisite to insure complete success, can be secured within one week, after the publication of this prospectus.

The Journal is to be devoted entirely to the interests of Education, and will be published under the auspices of the State Educational Association. It will be the organ of the Association and of all affiliated or subordinate Associations in the State. It will labor to promote the great cause of Education, in all its grades, as *one cause;* and to foster a general sympathy between teachers and officers of Common Schools, Academies and Colleges, as co-laborers in that *one great cause.* It will strive to advance the interests of the COMMON SCHOOL SYSTEM OF THE STATE, as underlying all other interests, and sustaining, on its vast granite base, our great educational structure, and will furnish a channel of communication between the General Superintendent of Common Schools and those who feel an interest in their welfare. The Journal will be edited by a Board of Editors, composed of C. H. wiley, Superintendent of Common Schools, and a number of the leading Teachers of the State, and one local Editor, who will receive all communications and superintend the publication.

All communications should be addressed to *the Editor of the Journal of Education, Greensboro, N. C.*

TERMS:—The Journal will be published monthly, in magazine form, in handsome style; and will contain 48 pages, *at the following rates:*

One copy, one year,.....$2
Six copies, " " (to one address).....10

Subscriptions required invariably *in advance,* and receipts sent in the first No.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

	One year.	*6 months.*	*3 months.*	*1 month.*
One page	$75.....	$40.....	$22.....	$8
Half "	40.....	22.....	12.....	5
¼ "	22.....	12.....	7.....	3
16 lines	12.....	7.....	4.....	2

Advertisements by the year payable quarterly. All others monthly.

Teachers sending $50 for 25 subscribers will be entitled to advertisements of their Schools, of 16 lines, for one year.

There are at all times a number of Schools of all grades, needing teachers and of teachers who want situations; and it is not at all uncommon for parties situated to advertise their desires and wants in papers not expressly devoted to the cause of Education. If all such, by general consent, would keep standing notices in the Journal, it would be an easy matter for teachers to find out all vacant situations, and for Committees and Trustees to learn the address of all teachers wanting places.

It is, therefore, the desire of the conductors of the Journal to publish a Directory of this kind, and to all who will furnish standing notices of their wants very liberal deductions will be made from the usual advertising rates.

☞ The papers of the State are respectfully requested to publish this Prospectus and thus aid in advancing the cause of Education.

C. H. WILEY,
G. W. BROOKS,
C. C. COLE,
W. W. HOLDEN.
WM. ROBINSON,
} Committee of the N. C. Educational Association.

STEDMAN'S SALEM MAGAZINE is to be the title of a LITERARY PERIODICAL, to be published monthly, in the town of Salem, North-Carolina, by ANDREW J. STEDMAN, a member of the N. C. Bar.

In offering to the Public my Magazine, I claim for the Editorial Chair no superiority over that department of other like Periodicals; but I do claim for the talent of North Carolina, and the South generally, that will be brought to its support, Southern patronage. And I also, as a Southern man, and the Editor of a Southern Magazine, claim at the hands of the Southern country, and especially of North-Carolina, that aid and support that will here, at home, establish, upon a firm basis, a fountain of Literature, and exclusively a Home Literary Magazine.

Many are the Magazines now published in the Northern States that are flooding the whole Southern country. There is not, (it is probable,) a county in any Southern State that is not visited by "Harper, "Graham," "Peterson," or "Godey;" while here, in North Carolina and the South, where genius unsurpassed and unequaled reigns, the literary talent that is brought into exercise is dedicated to the support of Northern Magazines, while Southern enterprise, taste and low in humble submission to such suicidal policy of Southern contributors.

Why, I ask, cannot we—North-Carolina, the South—send greeting to our Southern clime a Magazine, acceptable for the many qualities that adorn the pages of the most chaste, elegant and polite Periodicals? It is true that the South has her Magazines; but few in number are they, and unknown, compared to the publications of the North, which every mail brings to our homes, filled with the result of hired labor, and teeming with unpardonable sedition.

Then I appeal to North-Carolina and other Southern States to aid me in my enterprise, and in promoting a literary taste amongst those upon whom, as a Southern man, I have claims.

My Magazine will be of the usual size; and nothing will be admitted to its pages but such articles as will meet the approval of the most fastidious. It shall be ILLUSTRATED WITH ENGRAVINGS AND PLATES of the most elegant texture, equaling in beauty and style any executed at the North.

My price of subscription is THREE DOLLARS per year, which is required to be paid in advance, as the expense to be incurred in establishing such a publication will not admit of a credit system.

☞ *The First Number will be issued 1st January, 1858.*

A. J. STEDMAN,
Sept. 1, 1857. Editor and Proprietor.

N. B.—My address until the 1st of November will be Pittsborough, N. C.—after that time it will be Salem, N. C. (91)

Cabinet Furniture
AND
COTTAGE BEDSTEADS,
MANUFACTURED BY
JOS. SEARS.

THESE BEDSTEADS, with other articles of Cabinet Furniture, kept constantly on hand and for sale cheap by the Manufacturer. Apply at his shop on Greene Street, between West Market and Sycamore.
Greensboro, N. C. 22:7m

FURNITURE! FURNITURE!!
The public are informed that the subscriber is at work at his old stand on West Market Street and ready to receive orders, for anything in his line of business which will be attended to with promptness and fidelity. The character of his work is too well known in this and surrounding counties to make it necessary to say more than, he will do his best on all work he engages to make.

A Full Supply of Metalic Coffins from 2 feet 6 inches to 6 feet 4 inches in lenght. Coffins made to order on short notice.

"You will take due notice thereof and govern yourself accordingly."
P. THURSTON, *Agent.*
July 1, 1857.

NOTICE—THE SUBSCRIBER is now prepared to furnish a superior quality of fancy Dress, Opery and Waterproof Boots, footing, &c. And will be sold very low for cash. He cannot do business unless he has money to make payments.
H. H. BRADY.
Greensboro, July 15. (80:3m)

Annals of Southern Methodism, 1856, Deems' for sale by
June 24. E. W. OGBURN & Co.

GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES, Vest and Fob Chains, Breastpins, Finger Rings, Revolvers, Pistols, Porte Monnaies and Spectacles for sale by
S. ARCHER.